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Sept. '65

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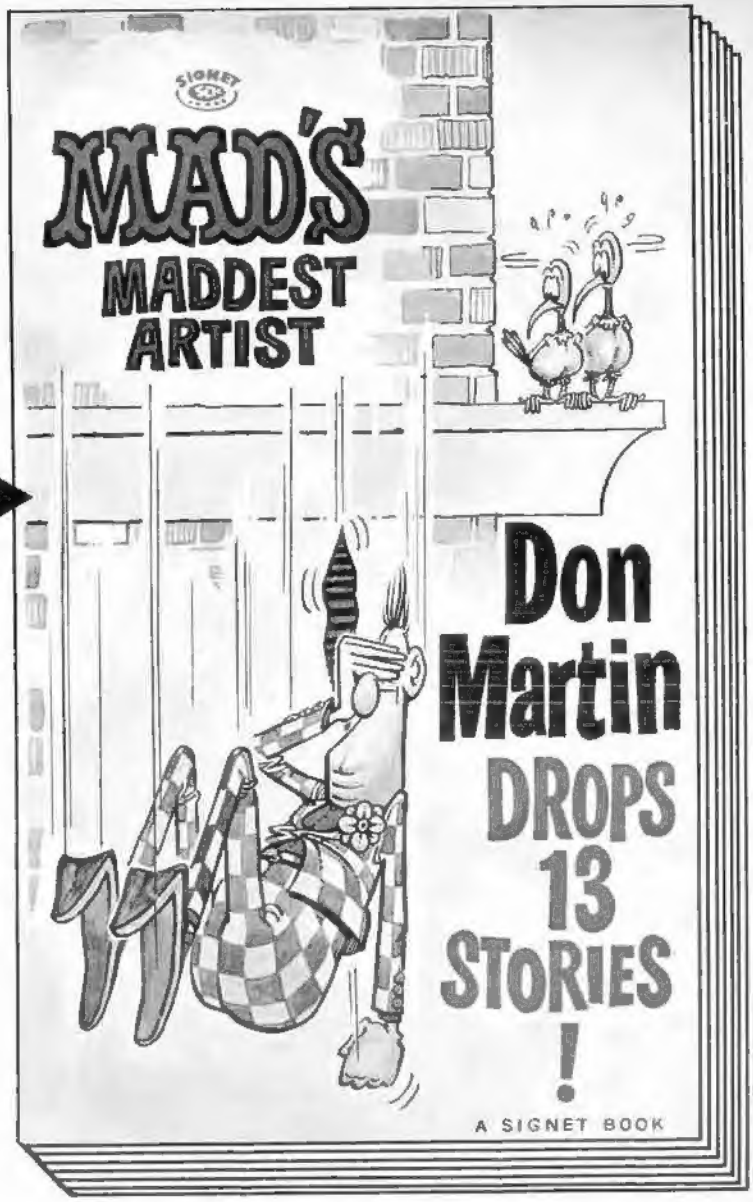

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NUMBER 97 SEPTEMBER 1965

MAD

"Today's 'Non-Conformists' are getting harder and harder to tell apart!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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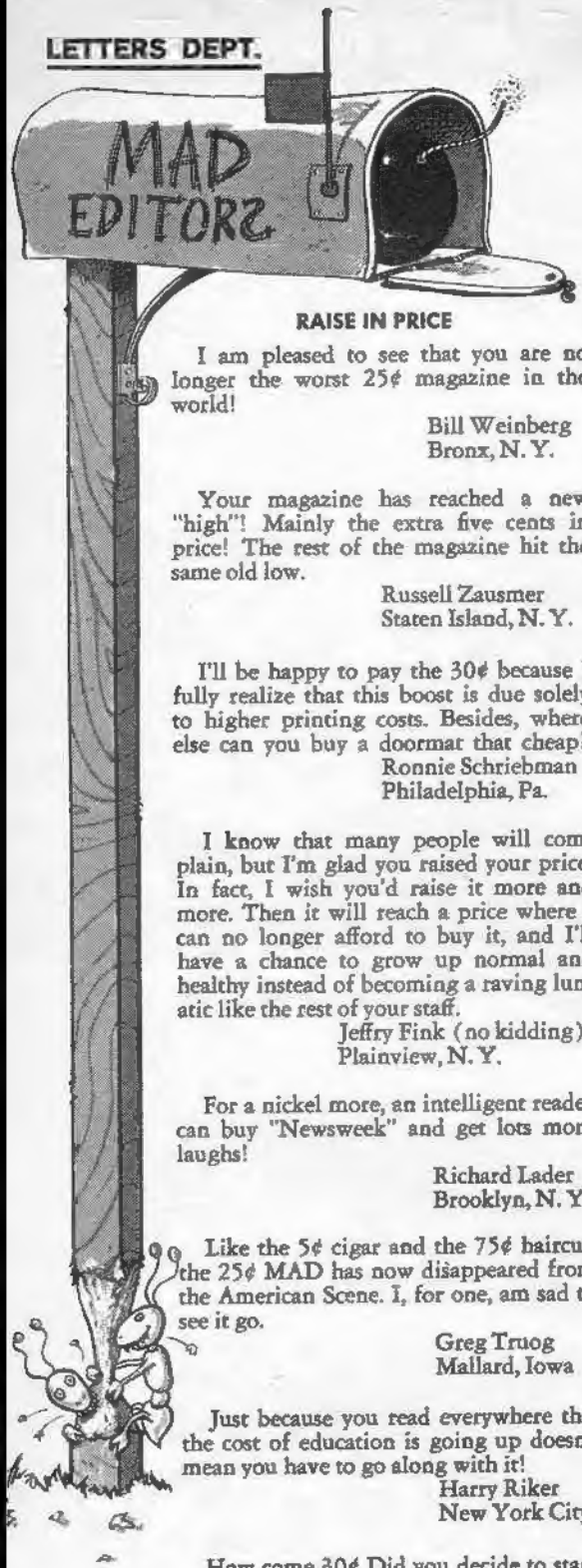

RAISE IN PRICE

I am pleased to see that you are no longer the worst 25¢ magazine in the world!

Bill Weinberg
Bronx, N. Y.

Your magazine has reached a new "high"! Mainly the extra five cents in price! The rest of the magazine hit the same old low.

Russell Zausmer
Staten Island, N. Y.

I'll be happy to pay the 30¢ because I fully realize that this boost is due solely to higher printing costs. Besides, where else can you buy a doormat that cheap?

Ronnie Schriebman
Philadelphia, Pa.

I know that many people will complain, but I'm glad you raised your price. In fact, I wish you'd raise it more and more. Then it will reach a price where I can no longer afford to buy it, and I'll have a chance to grow up normal and healthy instead of becoming a raving lunatic like the rest of your staff.

Jeffry Fink (no kidding)
Plainview, N. Y.

For a nickel more, an intelligent reader can buy "Newsweek" and get lots more laughs!

Richard Lader
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Like the 5¢ cigar and the 75¢ haircut, the 25¢ MAD has now disappeared from the American Scene. I, for one, am sad to see it go.

Greg Truog
Mallard, Iowa

Just because you read everywhere that the cost of education is going up doesn't mean you have to go along with it!

Harry Riker
New York City

How come 30¢ Did you decide to start paying your artists?

Marty Franklin
Merrick, N. Y.

"Time" costs 40¢, "Newsweek" costs 35¢, and "Life" costs 35¢, so why shouldn't the best magazine on the newsstands have a price to go with it?

Ed Minch
Cleveland, Ohio

As far as I'm concerned, you can raise the price to 50¢ and I still *won't* buy it!

Marc N. Weiss
Laurelton, N. Y.

43-MAN SQUAMISH

Your article on "43-Man Squamish" so stimulated the students of the University of Alberta, Calgary, that we have organized a team. We happen to be the only undefeated Squamish team in Western Canada, mainly because we are the only team in Western Canada, and we haven't played a game. We can't understand why we have no opposition.

Warren Drinnan
Full-Frummert
U. of Alberta, Calgary, Can.

University of Alberta's 43-Man Squamish Team

We, the men of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, have seen the merits of "43-Man Squamish." To further this marvelous sport, we have formed a team (see photos below) and have challenged the men of Harvard to prove their athletic prowess on the Flutney. We hope that they will be worthy of the challenge and not be of faint heart. We ask that you publish this letter as a public challenge to them.

Charles de la Motte
Peter Schwartz
R.P.I. Squamish Team
Troy, N. Y.

R.P.I.'s 43-Man Squamish Team

In keeping with the fine tradition of "avant guardism" here at Marquette, we have organized a Squamish team. At last tally, we have lost two Deep Brooders and one Dummy, who were suspended for sportsmanlike conduct during the course of play.

Athletic Committee
Schroeder Hall
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisc.

My faith in Mankind was shaken when I saw your article claiming the invention of "43-Man Squamish." I recently saw a description of the game you claim to have started in: "Engineering Digest," "The Airman," "Analog," "Popular Science," "Astounding Science Fact-Science Fiction," "The Red Rag," "Popular Mechanics" and "Road And Track."

Keith S. Massey
Havre de Grace, Md.

GUN OWNERS PRIMER

I am writing in reference to your "MAD Gun Owners Primer" in the June issue. I recently completed a 22-year career in military service, through two wars, to defend your right to print such material. During this military career, I had the opportunity of spending considerable time in various foreign countries, and I am familiar with dictatorships and other forms of totalitarian government. History has shown that the first move in forming a dictatorship is to register all firearms. The next step is simply to demand that all firearms be turned in, leaving a disarmed public at the mercy of the dictator. The drafters of our constitution were aware of this fact, and farsighted enough to provide for this right in the 2nd Amendment. The Communist Party has the avowed purpose of disarming the American Public. Through such writing as yours, their cause is greatly served. I consider the right to own firearms as important in keeping America free as the right to freedom of speech.

James F. Lambert
Major (Ret.) U.S.A.F.
Phoenix, Arizona

Congratulations! I only wish more were being done to emphasize the brutal "sport" of hunting, which is so indicative of the cruelty that is prevalent in our modern civilization.

Eileen McArdle
Bronx, N. Y.

I stand on my constitutional right to own a gun, and agree with the sportsmen who say that they are against any law which prohibits the selling of guns by mail, and want instead a law where anyone who committed a crime with a firearm would be automatically charged with attempted murder. A lot of people will disagree, which is their right, and say that guns should be banned because they kill. May I point out that on this basis, automobiles should have been banned fifty years ago for the same reason.

Robert Fraser
Cohasset, Mass.

Once again, your sharp-witted penmen must be congratulated. Your "Gun Owners Primer" effectively underlined the need for legislation controlling the sale and ownership of firearms. Once a problem is exposed for all to examine, adequate solutions based on the needs and ideas of the majority are more easily come by. Senator Dodd has pointed out the dangers, but MAD has, by humorous approach, given voice to the necessity for change so that responsible sportsmen, gun collectors and other law abiding citizens will no longer suffer because of the actions of disturbed individuals and other violators who can now obtain lethal weapons so easily. Keep up the good work.

Ralph Cassado
Chicago, Ill.

Register MAD Writers—not firearms!

John Vitz
Bakersfield, Calif.

A HIT WITH JACK

"On The First Night Of The Full Moon," when "The Race Is On," I drop my "Lollipops And Roses" and join all the "Wives And Lovers" rushing down to the store to get the latest issue of MAD ... so, "Call Me Irresponsible"!

Jack Jones
Hollywood, Calif.

PASSION PLACE

As the mother of three, I find it disgusting for my children to read your "Passion Place." You are going on a previously-made assumption in your judging of this marvelous TV series. So you found the book trashy, maybe even the movie—but this is no reason to term the television serial as "dirty."

Mrs. Constance Standish
Bothwell, Canada

HAIRGOO MAGAZINE

I showed "HairGoo Magazine" to my sister who is a hairdresser, and she laughed for 20 minutes.

Michael Iacono
Medford, Mass.

BEACH MOVIE

I was going to invite you all to the preview of my new picture, "Beach Party Bingo"—but after seeing what you did to "Beach Movies," I changed my mind.

Bobbi Shaw
Malibu, Calif.

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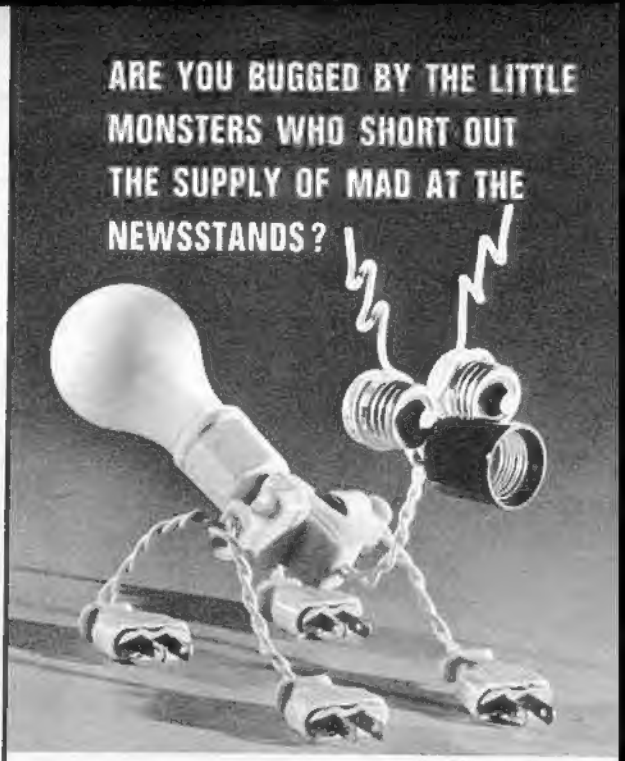

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Golly, we wish the public would notice these ridiculous little ads offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, for 25¢ each (3 for 50¢). Then, maybe somebody would mail money to: MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York City, New York 10022

BLUE CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK DEPT.

MAD, consumed with guilt, feels that it owes something to lovable ol' Charlie Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts". Two of his very successful books: *"Happiness Is A Warm Puppy"* and *"I Can Use All The Friends I Can Get"* were the inspiration for two very successful MAD satires: *"Misery Is A Cold Hot Dog"* and *"I Got All The Finks I Need"*. So now, by way of returning the favor, and since turnabout is fair play, we are publishing the following article in hopes that it will inspire Mr. Schulz to write another successful book.

BEING THAN

Being rich is having someone else put things back where you got them from.

Being rich is never being told to save your money for a rainy day.

Being rich is being able to buy all the Bubble Gum you want just to get the Trading Cards.

Being rich is getting clothes you don't have to grow into.

Being rich is not having to sneak food to your dog.

Being rich is being able to afford to have your neighborhood bully taken care of.

Being rich is having all the wood you need to build things.

RICH IS BETTER A WARM PUPPY

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

Being rich is not having to change your clothes before you can go out and play.

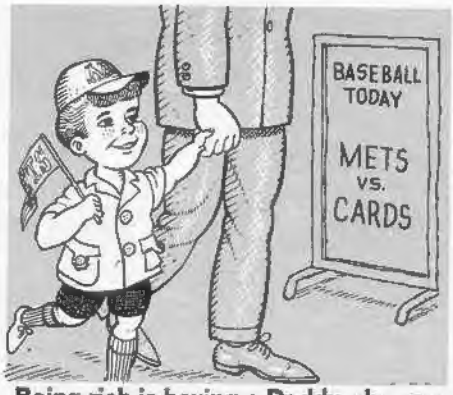
Being rich is having parents who buy all your Girl Scout Cookies.

Being rich is being allowed to play in any room of the house.

Being rich is not getting scolded for losing things.

Being rich is not getting one single useful or practical gift for Christmas or your birthday.

Being rich is getting a reward for doing something that every other kid has to do for nothing.



Being rich is having a Daddy who can take you places, even during the day in the middle of the week.

Being rich is getting brand new clothes when you need them, even though you have lots of older sisters.

Being rich is always getting sandwiches with the crusts cut away.

Being rich is having your own room, even though you have brothers.

Being rich is being able to lend money to all your pals without worrying about getting it back.

Being rich is not worrying about over-due Library books.

Being rich is having someone to take care of your kid sister.

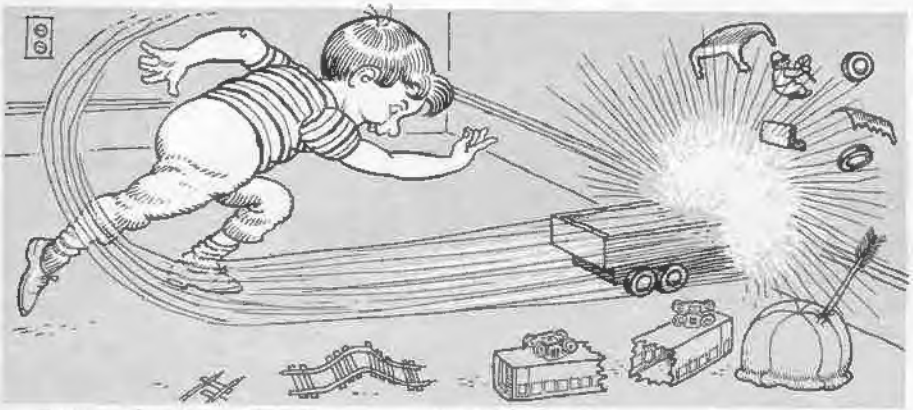
Being rich is owning a ball for every kind of game so you won't be left out.

Being rich is getting every Sunday Newspaper that has Color Comics.

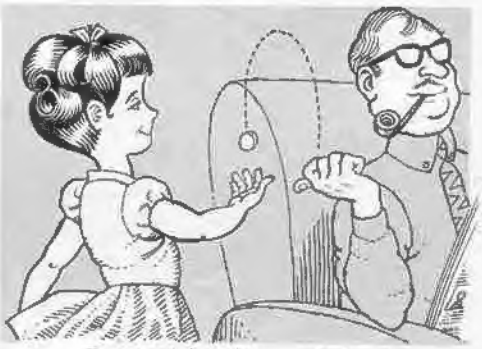
Being rich is visiting your Father's office and not worrying how you behave.

Being rich is knowing at least one grown-up who doesn't treat you like a stupid kid.

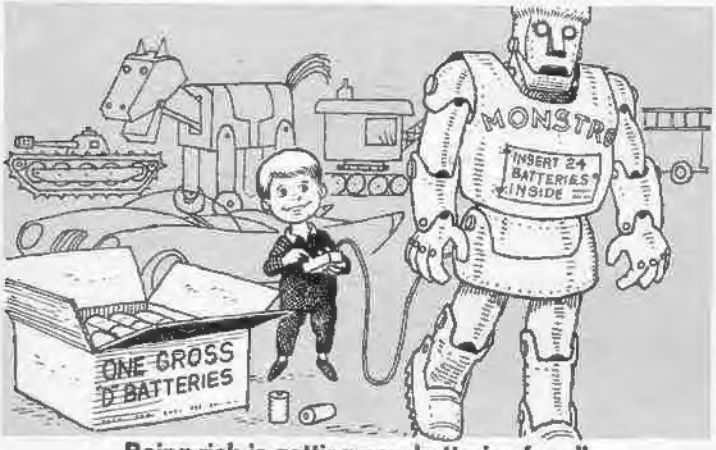
Being rich is being able to invite anyone you want to eat over.



Being rich is breaking all your toys right after Christmas, and no one caring.



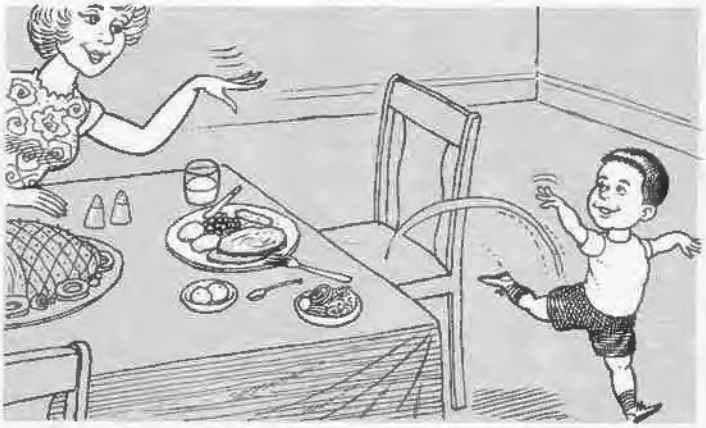
Being rich is borrowing on next week's allowance and your parents never remembering it.



Being rich is getting new batteries for all your toys as soon as you need them.

Being rich is having all the pets you want and not having to take care of them.

Being rich is having parents who worry if you got hurt even when you accidentally break something expensive.



Being rich is leaving food on your plate and not getting a lecture about how people are starving in Europe.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

A FRIGHTFUL INCIDENT

INDIAN CORN DEPT.

A NEW TREND IS DEVELOPING IN "WESTERN MOVIES" THESE DAYS . . . A TREND WHICH IS MAKING IT HARDER THAN EVER TO TELL THE HEROES FROM THE VILLAINS. ALL OF A SUDDEN, FILM-MAKERS ARE TAKING A LONG (AND DIFFERENT) LOOK AT THE INDIAN, AND "MOVIES ARE REDDER THAN EVER"! BUT WE'LL LET YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF AS—

MAD GOES TO A SCREENING OF

CHEYENNE AWFUL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

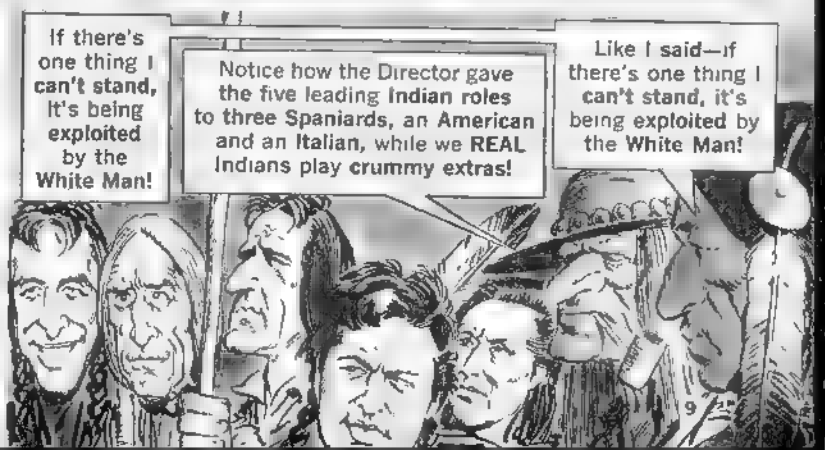
CHEYENNE AWFUL

STARRING
(in alphabetical order)

Richard WIDEMARK
Carol BABYDOLL
Sal MEANIO
Gilbert ROLANDO
Ricardo MENTALBLOCK
Delores DEL DELORES
Victor GORY
Karl MALTED AND AND AND
Patrick WAINE James STEWED Edward G. ROBINHOOD

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL NOTE: THESE NAMES ARE LISTED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN ALPHABET!

The purpose of this movie will be to show how the Indians have been exploited and cruelly treated by the White Men. As the picture opens, we see the last of the Cheyenne Tribe waiting for the Americans to give them back their homeland!



Richard Widemark plays Capt. Tom Arches, and, in the interests of good taste, I hired Carol Babydoll . . . fresh from "The Carpetsweepers" and a nude layout in "Playguy Magazine" to play the Quaker school teacher!

It sure is surprising to see you as a prim Quaker, Carol, after all those sexpot roles you've been playing!

Haven't you heard? I've turned to religion!

You call posing nude for Playguy Magazine turning to religion?

Well, an awful lot of red blooded urban American males consider it their BIBLE!

Naturally, you can't show sexy love scenes involving a Quaker, so I developed an adorable clean gimmick for Capt. Arches to express his love—a blackboard!

Let's see: Since "I love you more than life itself" and "I think of you with my every breath" are independent clauses, you should put a comma before "and"! And since "me" is the objective and not the nominative case, it should read "you and I" instead of "you and me"! You get a 78 in Composition, a B in Grammar, a C in Penmanship and—

Look, here's an apple! What do you say we just forget the whole "love" bit?

I love you more than life itself and I think of you with every breath. Why don't you and me get married?

Actually, I was as confused making the film as the audience will be when they see it! Sometimes I have the Indians talk "Indian"—

Geegoo muggah!

Umma valloo unga ubbah boovoo oovoo shlump!

What did she say?

She said, "For this role, I had to make a comeback?"

And what did he say?

He said, "Me too!"

And sometimes I have the Indians talk "English" . . .

Americans double-cross Indians, School Teacher! Indians go back to homeland themselves, School Teacher! You come with us to teach children, School Teacher? What you say, School Teacher?

I'll go! But please don't call me "School Teacher"! It's so formal!

Okay . . . School!

YEA, MR. FORD!

Goodbye, Officer of the Yellow Hair! Goodbye, Sergeant of the Foul Mouth! Goodbye, Major of the Smoking Cigar! Goodbye, Friendly Army Horse of the Matted Mane! Goodbye, Fred . . .

Fred? Who's Fred?

That's the mountain behind us!

And sometimes, I don't know what the Indians are talking!

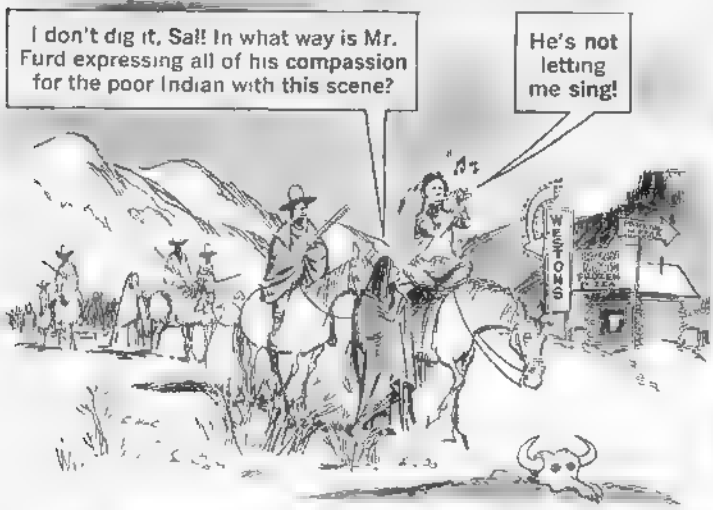
Mugumba ughum forked tongue y palabras vummbah ole!

Oobah tonto many-many buffalo de keemo-savvy desi arnez!

What are they talking—"Indian" with an "American" accent, or "English" with an Indian accent?

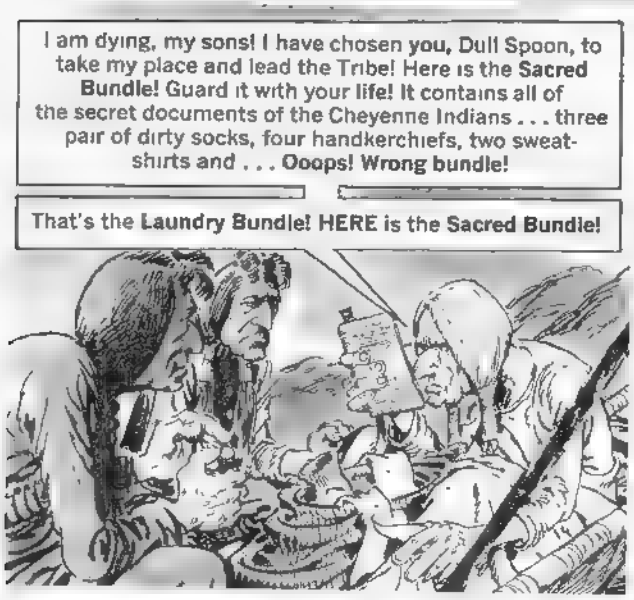
Actually, they're talking "Indian-English" with a Spanish accent!

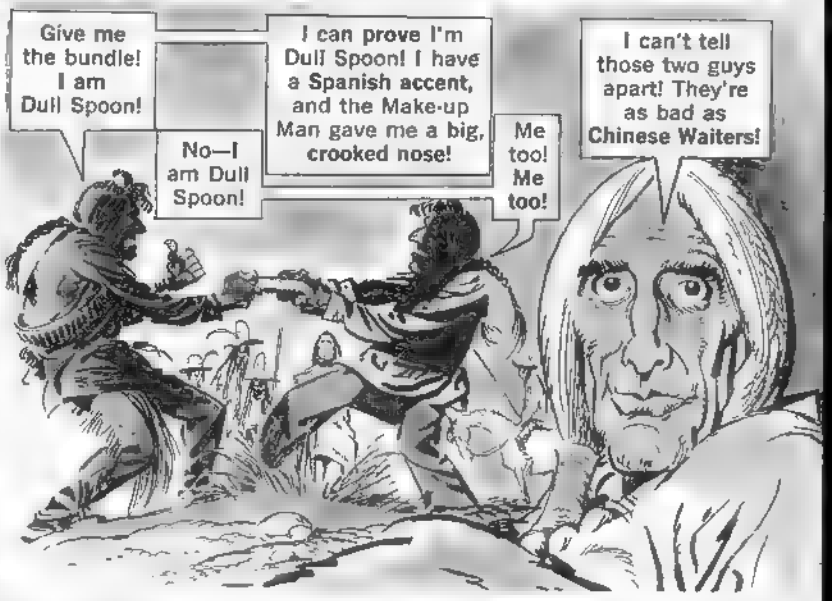
I want you to pay particular attention to this next historic movie scene—with Sal Meanio playing the young Indian Brave, "Torn Shirt"—because in it, I express all of my compassion for the poor Indians!



Patrick Waine, flushed with defeat from his recent failure in "At The Alamo," plays the hot-headed Lt. Scat. When I first saw this boy's test for the part, I was so affected that there were tears in my eyes!

The Cheyenne continue their arduous trek back home, pursued by the U.S. Army. Suddenly, their ailing old chief collapses!

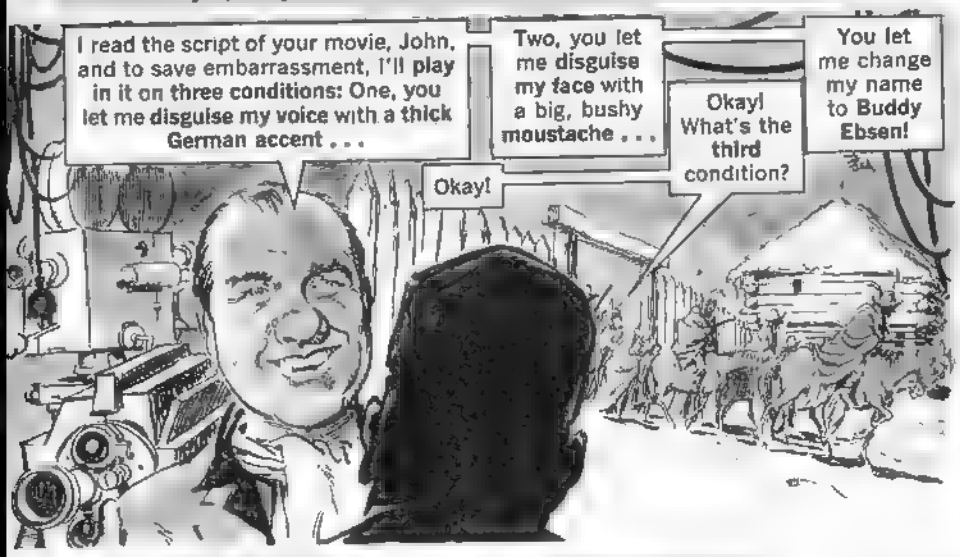




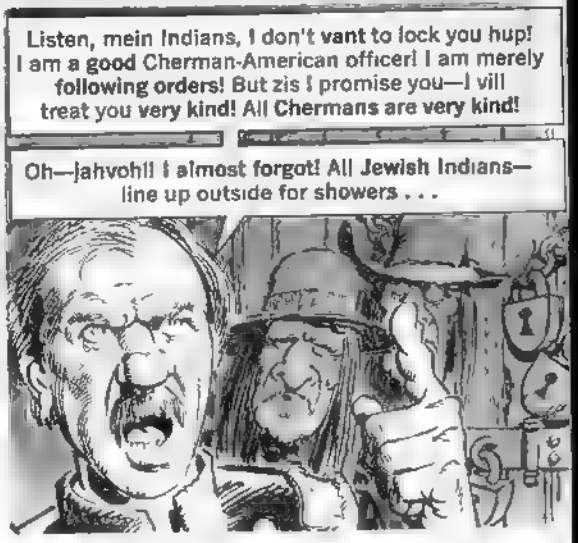
This next scene is bound to win me an Oscar in the category of "Confusion in a Color Film." It's a pointless card game sequence which not only destroys the image of Wyatt Earp as an outstanding Western hero, but of Jimmy Stewed as an intelligent actor as well!

And now, about here, comes the part that both critics and film fans alike will unanimously agree is the strongest and best 15 minutes of the picture . . .

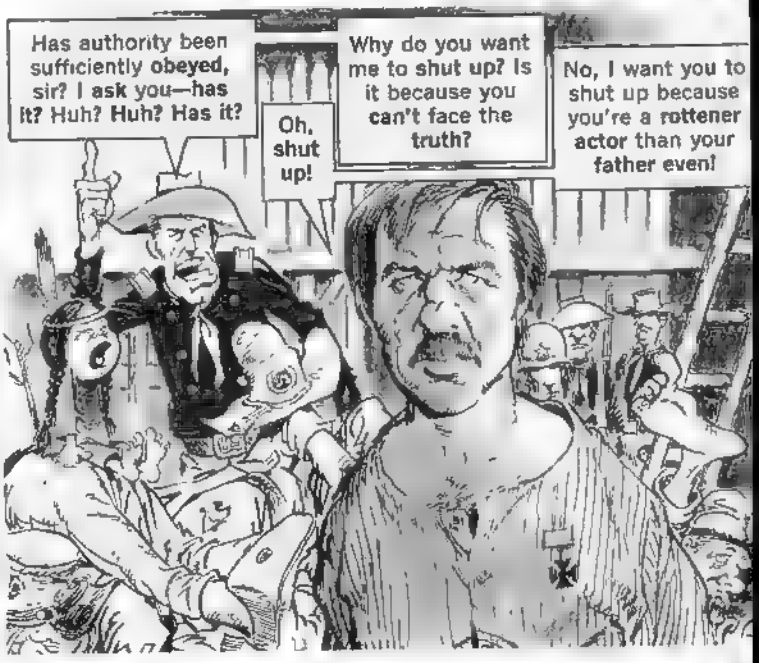
The Cheyenne give up their trek and decide to surrender to the Americans at Ft. Robinson. I remember when I first asked distinguished actor Karl Malted to play the part of Capt. Weasel, the Commander of the Fort . . .



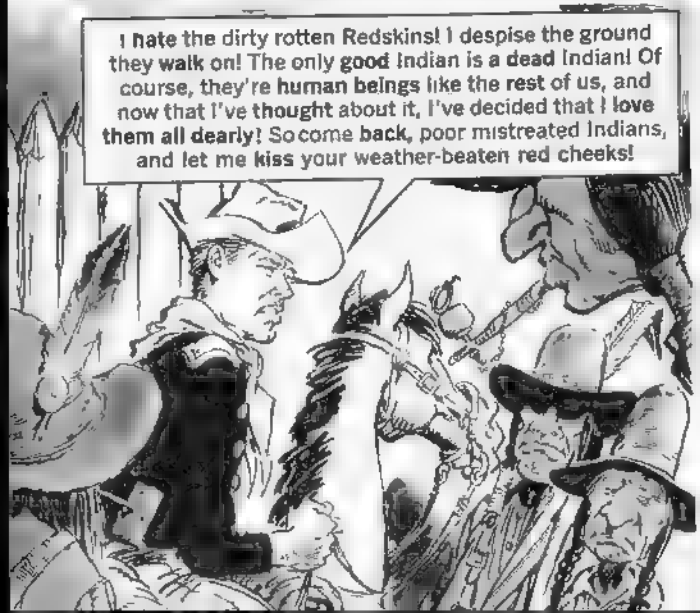
I talked Karl out of changing his name for the film, and after we saw the first "rushes" of the picture, the Producer had to talk ME out of changing MINE!



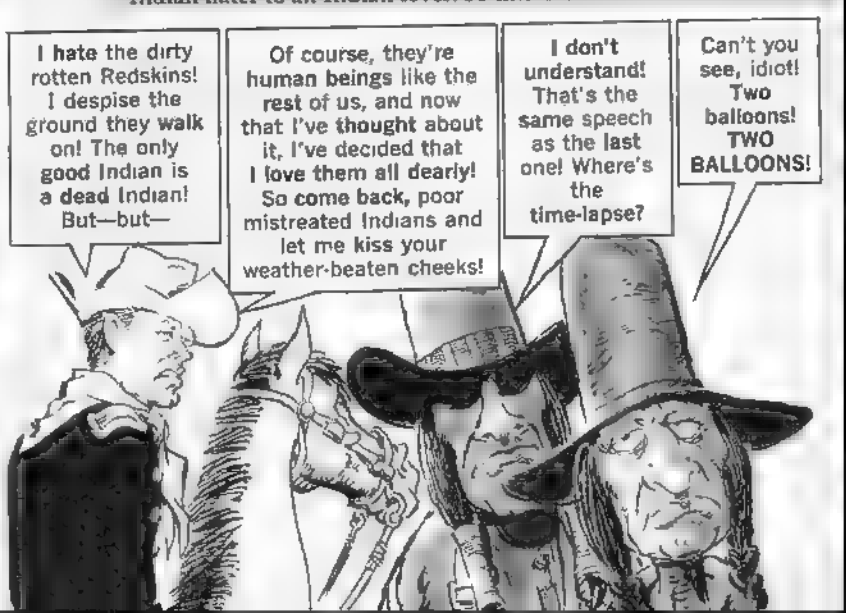
After being imprisoned in a dark and unheated warehouse, the Indians finally break out and a bloody battle takes place . . .



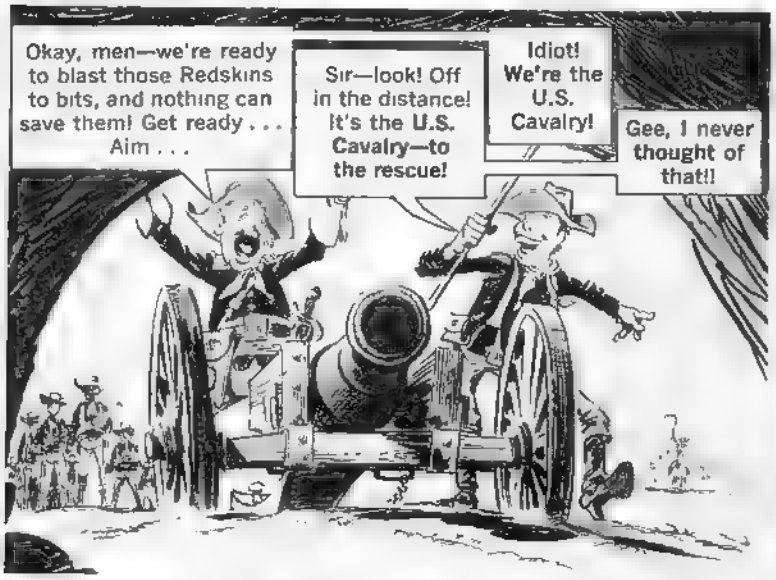
Now for the amazing character transformation of Lt. Scat, the Indian-hater. I originally shot the scene this way—



Then, I decided that the character transformation was too fast! A time-lapse was necessary in order for Lt. Scat to realistically change from an Indian-hater to an Indian-lover. So this is how I re-shot the scene—



And now, while the Cheyenne are hiding out in a cave, I must leave you. I have to see John Waine about breaking up our life-long friendship! Enjoy the rest of the picture, folks . . .



Headquarters Tepee
CHEYENNE INDIAN TRIBE
Big Rock, Arizona

Dear White Men Movie-Makers:

For many moons, you have pictured us in your films as hateful savages. Recently, however, your consciences seem to be bothering you, and you have finally come to realize that we were really not so bad after all, and that perhaps it was you who wronged us!

This is okay with us. If you want to make our lives a little easier, we have no objections.

However, do us one favor! If you plan on making any more movies like "Cheyenne Awful"--which show us as "good guys" please don't! Believe us, we'd much rather be "bad guys"!

So from now on, portray us as we were in the old-type Westerns, running around in funny war paint, whooping, dancing, attacking your wagon trains, scalping you and generally carrying on like a bunch of wild White Men!

Frankly, those pictures were a lot less embarrassing to us than this one!

Very truly yours,

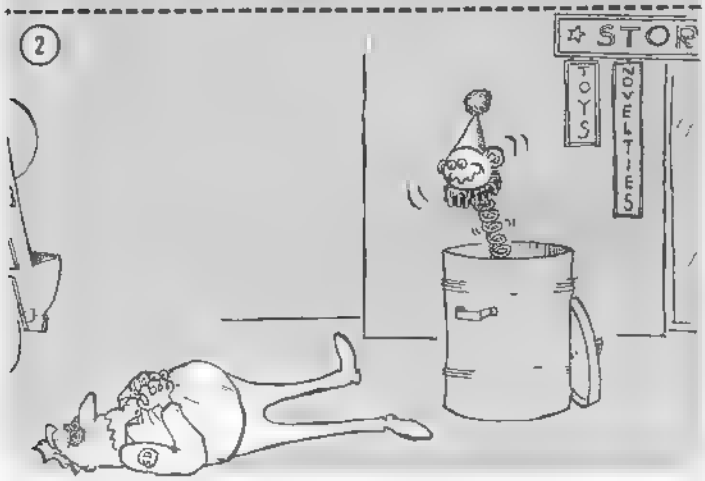
Big Tree BIG TREE

CHIEF OF CHEYENNE TRIBE

BT/ls

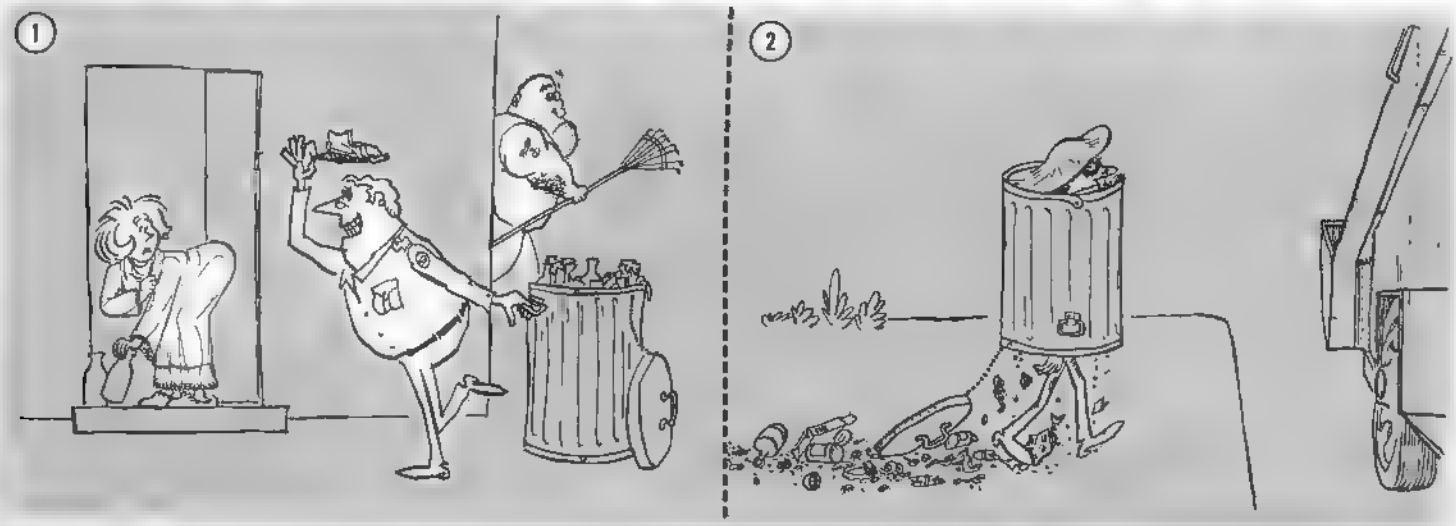
CANNED LAUGHTER DEPT.

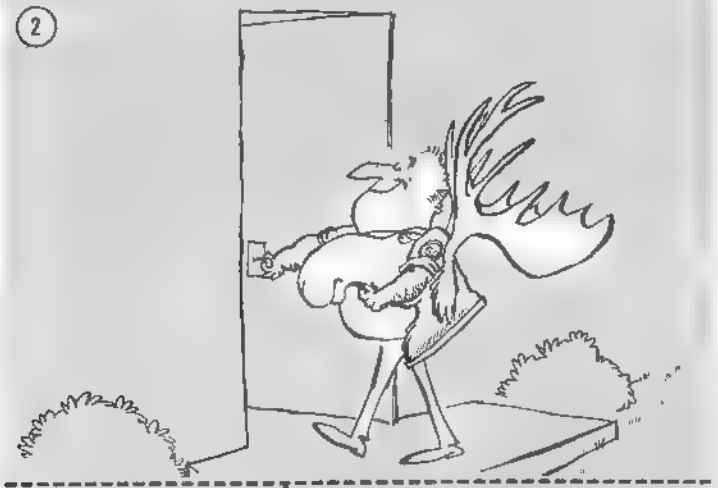
A MAD LOOK AT

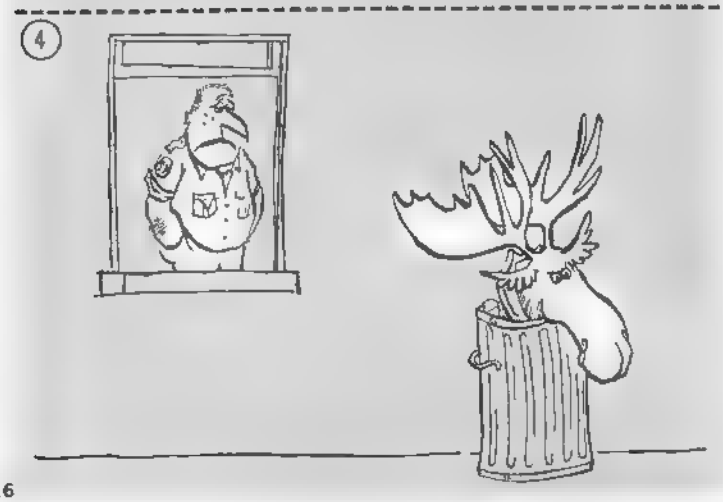


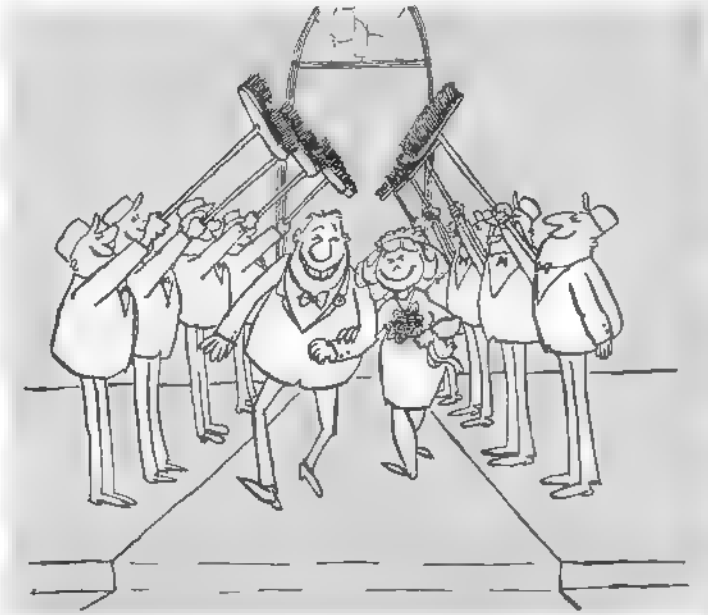
GARBAGEMEN

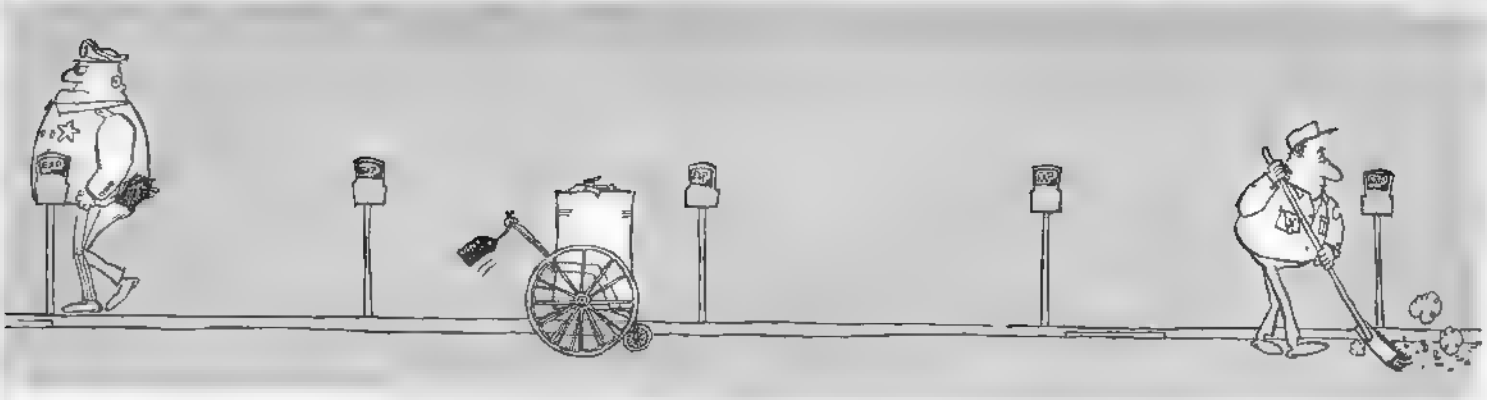
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



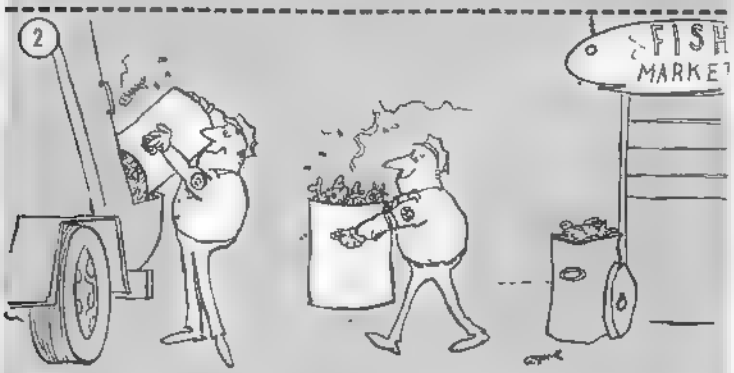


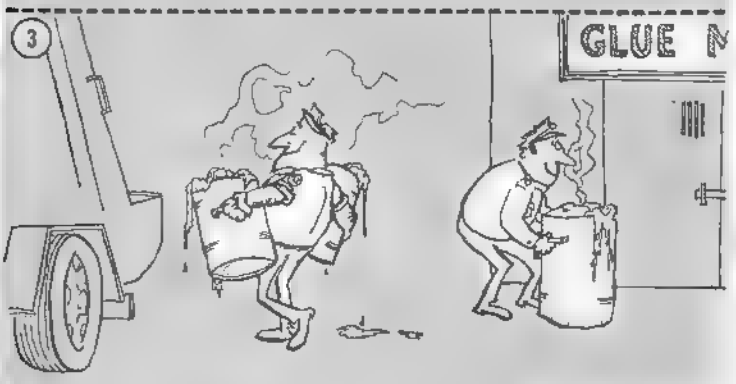






1
GOAT FAR


2
FISH
MARKET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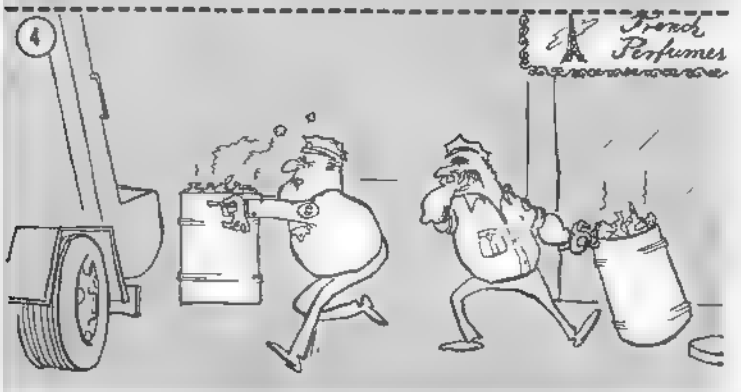
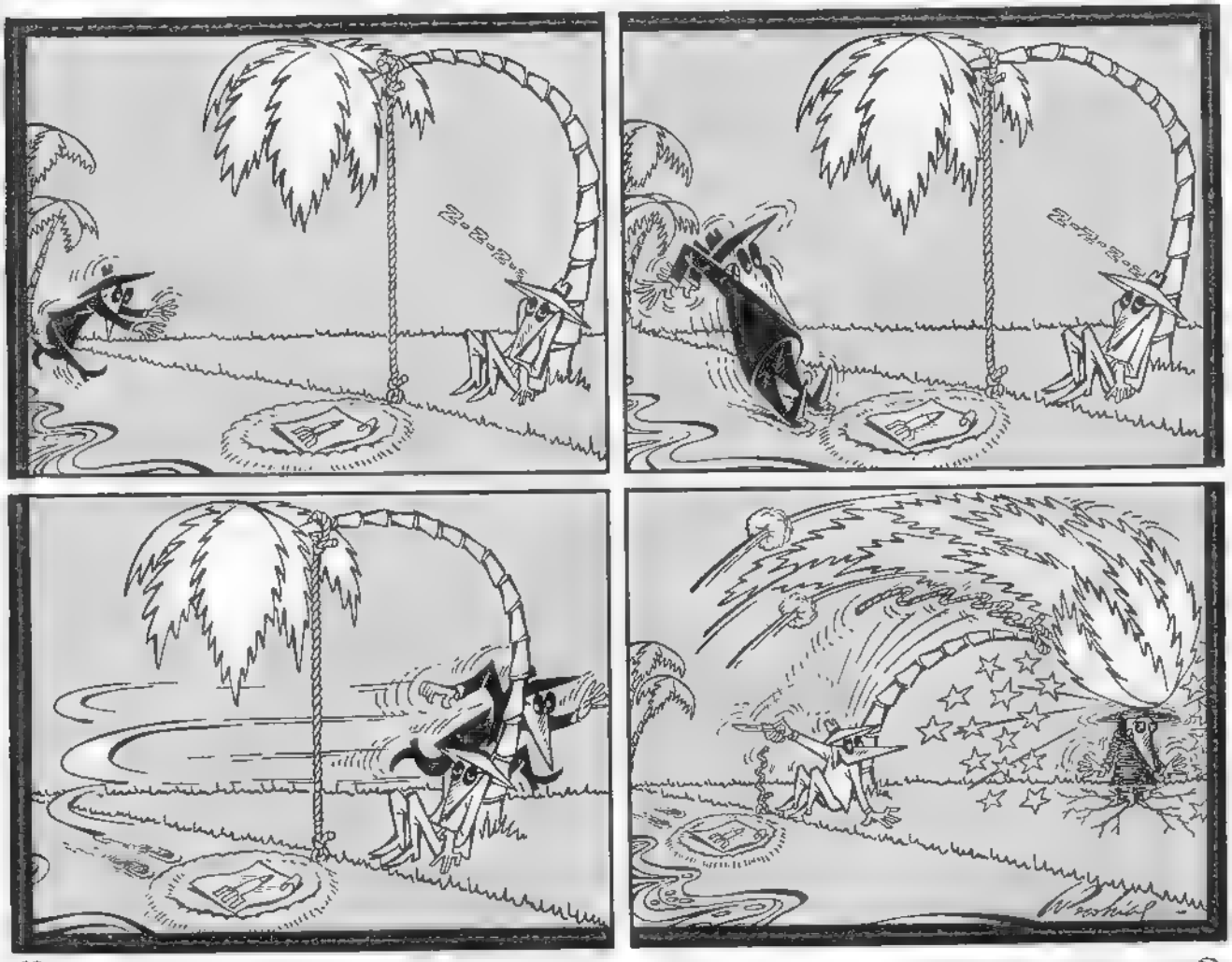

4
French
Perfumes

1
MAGAZINE
SID

2
MAD MAGAZINE
650

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

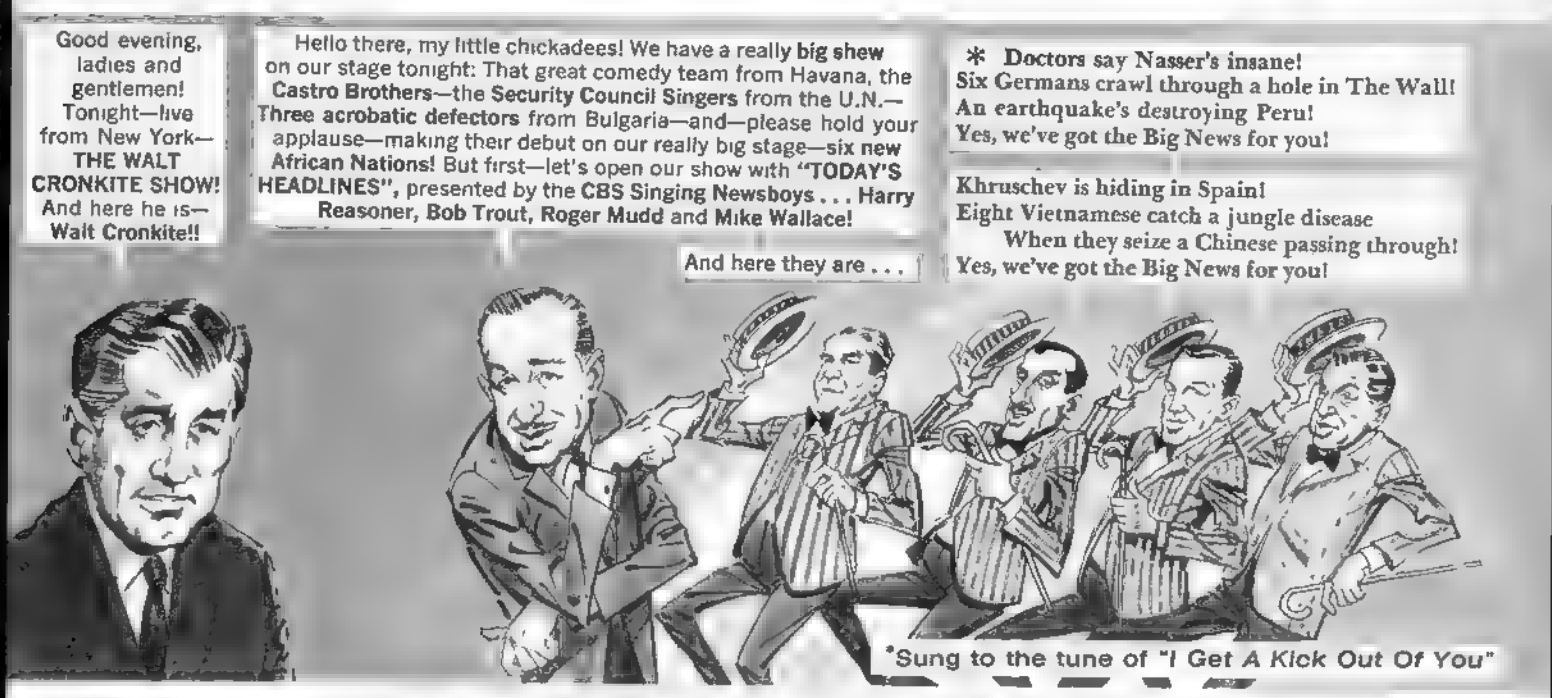
SPY VS SPY

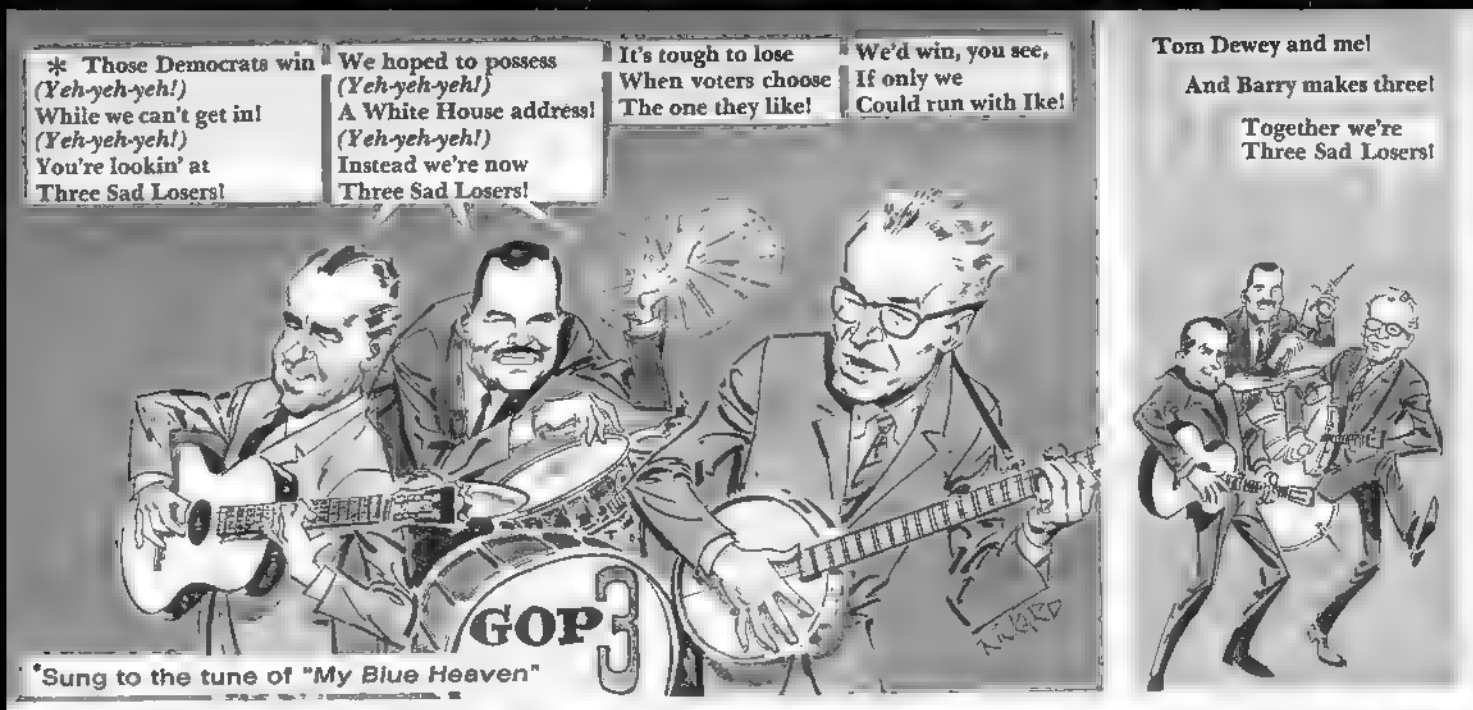


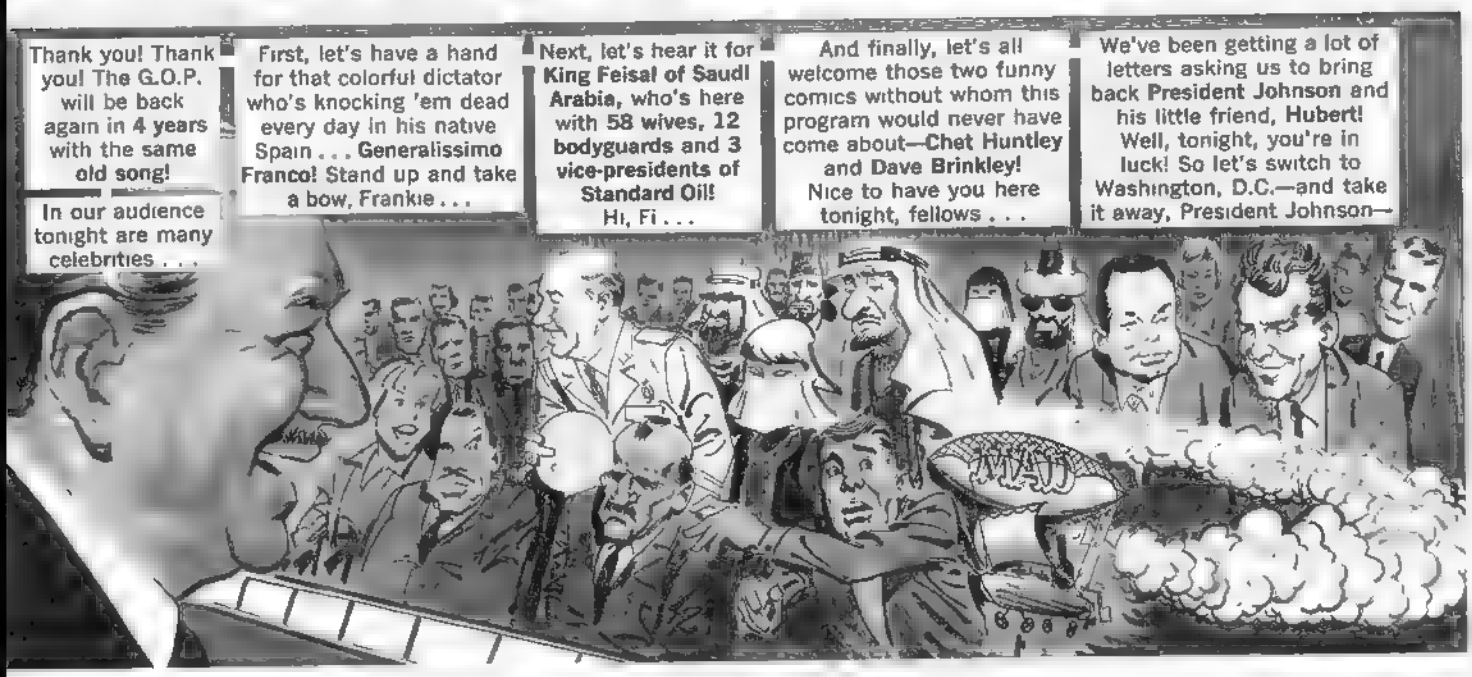
The fiercest struggle in the world today is not taking place in Vietnam or Cyprus or the Congo. It is taking place on our TV sets every weekday evening. That's when Walter Cronkite of CBS locks horns with NBC's Huntley and Brinkley in "The Battle of the Newscasters." It's been an uphill fight for Cronkite. Huntley and Brinkley throw in lots of quips and funny observations, and this makes the Cronkite show seem dull. Obviously, Walt should make his news shows more entertaining. If he were smart, he'd borrow the style of the greatest TV Showman of them all—Ed Sullivan. Let's take a look at what might happen if Walter Cronkite were to follow the Sullivan approach as MAD presents . . .

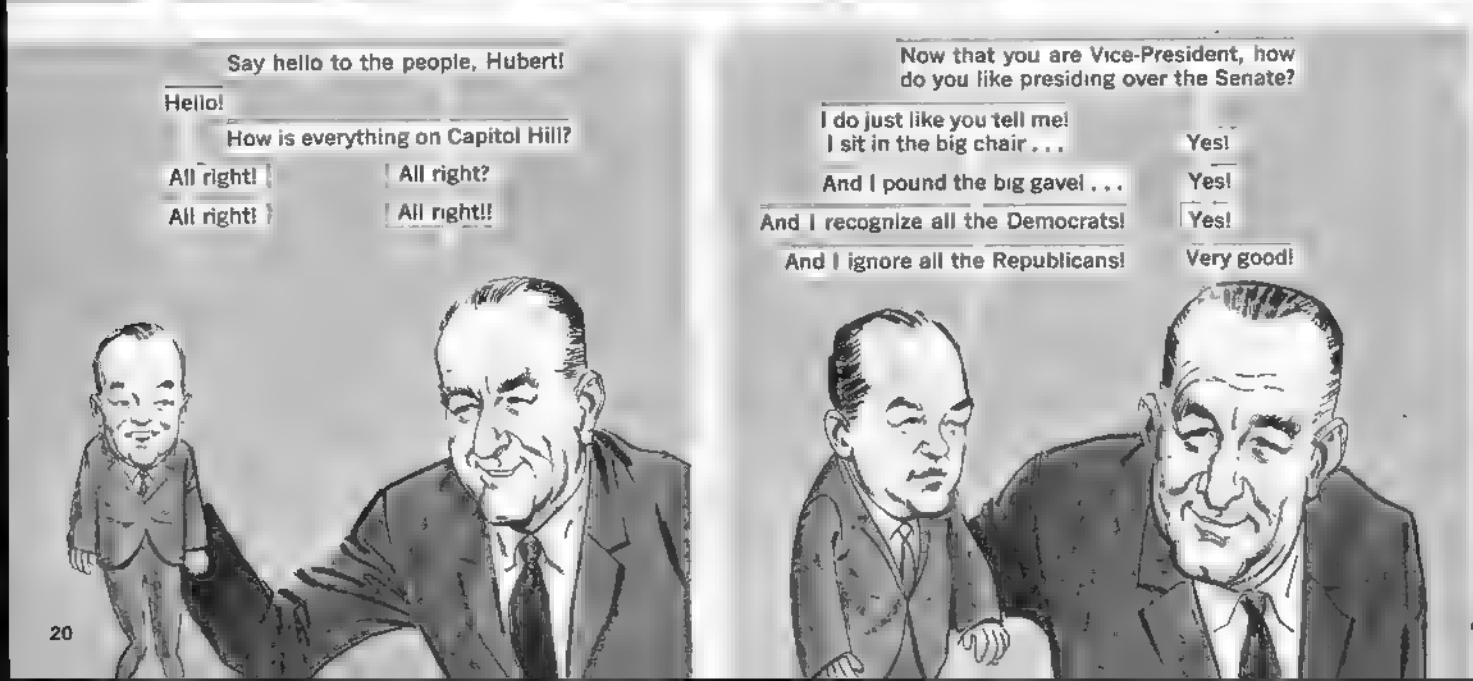
THE WALT CRONKITE SHOW

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS




* Those Democrats win
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)
While we can't get in!
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)
You're lookin' at
Three Sad Losers!
We hoped to possess
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)
A White House address!
(Yeh-yeh-yeh!)
Instead we're now
Three Sad Losers!
It's tough to lose
When voters choose
The one they like!
We'd win, you see,
If only we
Could run with Ike!
Tom Dewey and me!
And Barry makes three!
Together we're
Three Sad Losers!
GOP 3
*Sung to the tune of "My Blue Heaven"


Thank you! Thank you! The G.O.P. will be back again in 4 years with the same old song!
In our audience tonight are many celebrities . . .
First, let's have a hand for that colorful dictator who's knocking 'em dead every day in his native Spain . . . Generalissimo Franco! Stand up and take a bow, Frankie . . .
Next, let's hear it for King Feisal of Saudi Arabia, who's here with 58 wives, 12 bodyguards and 3 vice-presidents of Standard Oil! Hi, Fi . . .
And finally, let's all welcome those two funny comics without whom this program would never have come about—Chet Huntley and Dave Brinkley! Nice to have you here tonight, fellows . . .
We've been getting a lot of letters asking us to bring back President Johnson and his little friend, Hubert! Well, tonight, you're in luck! So let's switch to Washington, D.C.—and take it away, President Johnson—


Say hello to the people, Hubert!
Hello!
How is everything on Capitol Hill?
All right!
All right?
All right!
All right!!
Now that you are Vice-President, how do you like presiding over the Senate?
I do just like you tell me! I sit in the big chair . . .
Yes!
And I pound the big gavel . . .
Yes!
And I recognize all the Democrats!
Yes!
And I ignore all the Republicans!
Very good!

Today, Mr. President, I bring you a gift from the Senate! Open the box!

I should open the box . . . ?

Open the box!

Ah, Senator Dirksen is in the box! You bring me a nice gift, Hubert!

Gift is all right?

All right!

All right!

All right!!

It is good to be out of the box!

I want you to do me a favor, Senator!

What kind of a favor?

I want you to vote for the housing bill!

Is it a Republican housing bill?

No, it is a Democratic housing bill!

Close the box!

It is too bad that Senator Dirksen won't come out of the box!

Yes, especially since if he votes for the housing bill, the Government will give his State ten billion dollars in defense contracts!

Open the box!

It looks like Senator Dirksen will vote for the housing bill after all! Shall I take him back to the Senate?

No, Hubert, leave him here! He will make a nice playmate for Luci and Linda Bird! All right?

All right!

All right!!

And now, let's turn to the world of Sports! This year, Baseball has a **brand new act!** Yogi Berra has left the Yankees and is back with his old buddy, Casey Stengel! So let's give a really big welcome to that **Dazzling Diamond Duet—Casey Stengel** and **Yogi Berra!**

* I was hired by the Yankee team!
I made sure the ballclub reigned supreme!
Now I find that it was all a dream!
I wonder why? I wonder why?

I had pitching that was no darn good!
Still we topped the league like Yankees should!
Then they told me I was not their guy!
I got the Big Goodbye!
I wonder why!

Though the Yanks
Pulled the rug out,
You've a place
In our dugout!
Over here,
Baseball's fun to play!

Years ago,
I was back there!
And I, too,
Got the sack there!
'Cause they said
I was old and gray!

It's a shame
You were fired!
But relax—
You've been hired!
And this year,
Ulcers you won't get!

Though we're in no
pennant race;
Though we're always
in last place;
You won't care—
You're just a MET!

*Sung to the tune of "You're Just In Love"

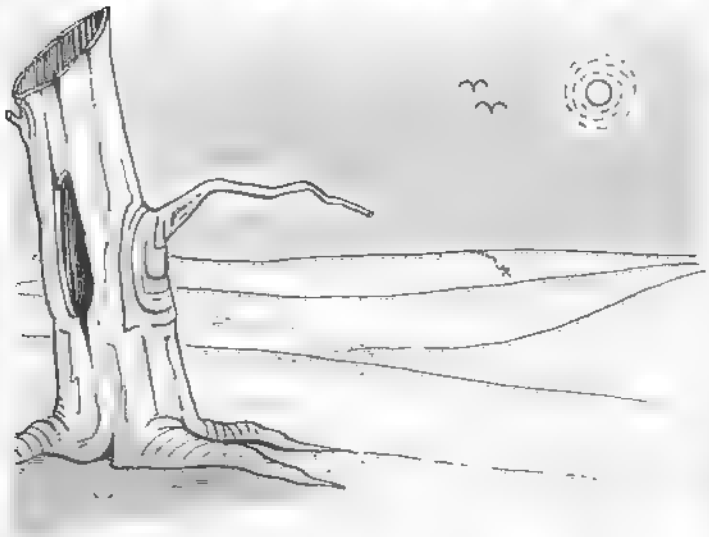
Well, that's it for tonight, ladies and gentlemen! Tomorrow night, we'll have another r-r-really big shew! **Col. Nasser** will be on our stage with his trained camel, **Omar . . .**

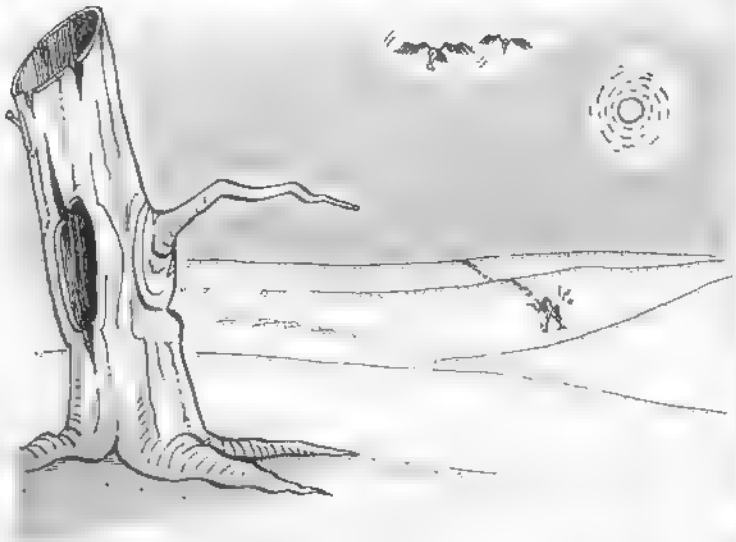
Then, that famous escape-artist, **Jimmy Hoffa**, will work his way out of **twelve Federal Indictments . . . while handcuffed . . .**

Juan Peron will introduce a new **Argentine tango . . .** and finally, for the first time on any stage **. . . Pakistan!**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN THE DESERT





It takes thousands of nuts to put a car together, but it only takes one nut to scatter a car all over the road. This article is dedicated to the thousands of nuts who put cars together—and *then* scatter them all over the road. Mainly, here is our version of the type of magazines they read:

CUSTOMIZE YOUR '65 MUSTANG INTO A '39 DODGE FOR LESS THAN $16,000

LOAD & CRASH

THE HIGH INSURANCE RISK'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1965 3/6 IN ENGLAND 60¢ IN CANADA $145 INCLUDING FUNERAL AT FORESTLAWN

Tooling Through Mexico in the new Finsta Potra Z-B

9.716 M.P.H. AT SEBRING ON A SOUPED-UP MASSEY-FERGUSON TRACTOR

SHORT-SHORT FEATURE: THE KAISER-FRAZER ERA IN AMERICAN MOTORING

I Flunked My Driver's Test In a 340 HP Ferrari

EXTREMELY SHORT-SHORT FEATURE: THE EDSEL ERA IN AMERICAN MOTORING

THINGS TO COME: A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE 1966 CADILLAC MAIL TRUCK

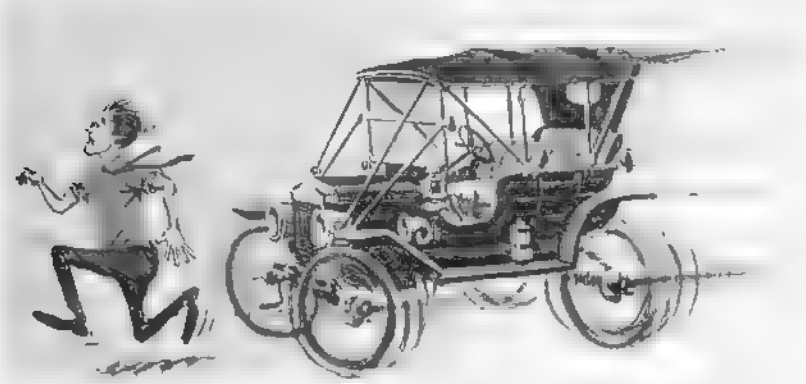
Is The '29 Essex A True Classic? * Getting Car Sick In An Alfa-Romeo

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

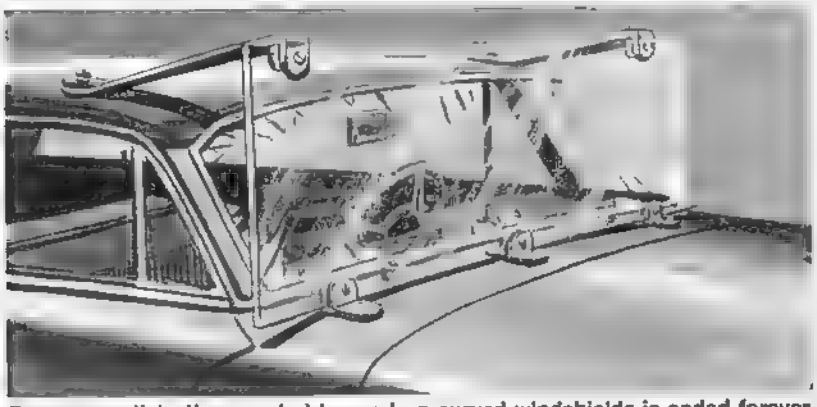
WHAT'S NEW

THE LATEST FROM MOTORDOM'S MARKETPLACE

The Classic Marmon V-16 in kit form is the latest offering of Monstrous Motor Models, Racine, Wis. No auto enthusiast will want to pass up the chance to create his own replica of this famous vintage machine. Scaled down to parts too small to be grasped by human fingers, it's the ideal gift for driving Dad or other annoying relatives out of their minds. Price $4.98



The Copy Cat Manufacturing Co. of Sarasota, Fla., has begun production of authentic full size replicas of the fabulous Model T. An ideal attention-getter for all business and promotional purposes, the modern version is an exact copy of its famed great-granddaddy, even down to such details as the unperfected transmission which caused the original to slip into high gear while unoccupied. Henry Ford sold 15,000,000 of these durable cars for $290. Now a sparkling new replica can be yours for $2,250 F.O.B. Sarasota, Florida.



Dangerous distortion created by modern curved windshields is ended forever with this flat, perpendicular replacement recently put on the market by the Eagle-Eye Glass Co. of Latrobe, Pa. A leading producer of auto windshields, until the invention of safety glass forced the firm to the brink of bankruptcy, Eagle-Eye now bounces back stronger than ever to correct the bungles of larger manufacturers. Guaranteed to provide normal road vision through the clever use of uncurved, untinted plate glass, Eagle-Eye windshields can be easily installed by the do-it-yourselfer once the hazardous original equipment on late model cars had been smashed and disposed of. Price $35.98

TECHNICAL TALKS

by Edith Barnstable

I have done a thorough job of souping up my '24 Stearns-Knight with dual carbs, a full-blown house, Smitty muffler, etc. However at the same time I was overhauling the engine, I installed square wheels. I figured that the finished product would do at least 110 M.P.H. But for some reason, it won't move at all. What do you think my trouble might be?

—M.M.C., Salt Lake City

The '24 Stearns-Knight was a straight six with overhead cams. It was never meant to be equipped with dual carbs. The trouble may be there, or it may that the car is moving but that all the scenery around Salt Lake City looks so much alike that you have the illusion of standing still.

I have had a tappet noise in my head for almost 10,000,000 miles now. The head of my car, I mean. It is a '51 Blewitt, a make which never got into full production for a number of reasons, mostly legal. I have rebored the head, stymied the vale sleeves, grannished the crankcase, unduffered the pistons and shuffled the rods. However, I still have the tappet noise. Is this possible?

—W.S.P., Loon Lake, Ore.

Yes.

The instruction manual that came with my '54 Chevy says that the windshield should be washed occasionally. What does this mean?

—L.C.F., Akron, Ohio

Auto instruction manuals often use terms which apply to one make or year, but not to others. A qualified mechanic may be able to help you with this problem, but I doubt it.

Is it true that '65 Paisano-Lasagna has gauges registering ergs per RPM, AC-DC voltage, foot-pounds per man-hours, and minutes left to play?

—C.C.D., Kansas City, Kan.

Only the J-660 and X-K-L models, neither of which are available in this country.

I have been itching to get behind the wheel of the new 400 HP Maserati Runabout to see what those 400 horses can really do. Can you give me any advice before I buy it?

—D.A.F., St. Louis, Mo.

You will find that scratching without bumping into the Overdrive Switch on the 400 HP Maserati Runabout is a factor that any potential buyer with a skin irritation should give more than passing consideration.

Test Driving The All-New Shakibutsu Micro-Mini-Midget V-Zero

By Len Furdy

IT WOULD APPEAR that Shakibutsu's incredible engineering team of Wun-Cheep Nip and O. So-Slik has done it again. Placing an easily-broken coil spring power plant inside a flimsy rolled-tin body, the pair has come up with an economical run-about that combines the easy maneuverability of a compact with the type of unbelievable workmanship that American motorists have come to expect from Shakibutsu.

The author went through the unique experience of piloting the Far Eastern firm's entry in the 1964 Mobilgas Economy Run. Finishing the cross-country jaunt less than a year later, I felt that I had given the Micro-Mini-Midget a fair trial under all types of driving conditions, and found it a car that defies description in virtually every category. The Mobilgas people apparently shared my opinion after discovering that the wind-up motor has propelled the trim little V-Zero 3,261 miles on no gasoline at all. The result of the record smashing performance was federal legislation jammed through Congress by the oil lobby which places a $1,700 import tax on every Micro-Mini-Midget carried into this country.

The new tax added to the factory's suggested P.O.E. retail price of $7.98 places Shakibutsu's stripped down model in the ridiculous position of competing with the Volkswagen and a handful of domestic compacts. Officials of the Tokyo based firm frankly admit that their sole hope of gaining a foothold in the U.S. market is to push the V-Zero as a third car for American families with two-car garages.

In design, the V-Zero has undergone only a minor face-lifting since the Christmas season of 1963 when a pedal-driven version was introduced as a gift item for the 3-to-8-year-old group. The interior remains starkly simple. The author found the instrument panel easy to read, but this convenience is somewhat diminished by the fact that the gauges are merely printed on cardboard, glued to the metal dash, and otherwise not connected to anything.

Trunk space is described by the manufacturer in cubic millimeters, creating the illusion that something larger than a box of cough drops can be carried in it. However, careful

(cont. on page 97)

Road Test Results

GENERAL

Curb weight ..... 6 lbs 11 oz.
Wheelbase ..... 19½ in.
Over-all length ..... 23 in.
Height ..... 14½ in.
Steering type ..... Piano wire & chewing gum.
Turning radius ..... 2¼ ft.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type ..... wind-up, utilizing standard skate key.
Arrangement ..... 36 mos. to pay.
Horsepower ..... 7/100 @ 6 rpm.
Mantle ..... 310.
Torque @ rpm lb-ft ..... Howzzat again?
Bore ..... utter

PRICE

Basic list at P.O.E. $7.98
Delivered price including taxes, accessories, etc. $2,007.98

PERFORMANCE

Top speed ..... 4½ mph.
Acceleration:
0-1 mph .58 sec.
0-2 mph..3 min , 44 sec
0-3 mph. 49 min , 12 sec
0-4 mph..3 hrs., 6 min., 23 sec.
0-top speed ..... About 2 days.

SPEEDOMETER ERROR

40 mph indicated, Actual 1.7 mph.
90 mph indicated, Actual 3.1 mph.

DRIVEL FROM DETROIT

Forecasts And Facts From The Motor Capital

A TOURING CAR BY KAISER-WILLYS FOR '66?

A survey by the firm's History Department, designed to discover which of the company's failures had been longest endured by the public before going blooey, arouses industry speculation that the 1920 Overland may be put back into production for the 1966 model year. With such notable fiascoes as the *Frazer*, the *Americar* and the sporty *Jeepster* ranking high on the list of all-time automotive blunders, the sturdy *Overland* shapes up as the company's best hope for the future. Executives remain mum, and the inside word is that leaders of the firm are split over the issue of isinglass curtains for the new entry in the medium priced field.

BUGS REMAIN IN PIERCE-ARROW'S JET.

Word from the supposedly-abandoned *Pierce-Arrow* proving ground has it that the company's bid for a comeback with a jet-propelled sportster may be delayed until 1973 or 1974. Whispers emanating from the rumor mill indicate that a few bugs have yet to be worked out of the engine, and that the first jet test-car incinerated four mechanics standing behind it and caused the whole east wing of the factory to be destroyed by flames.

DO TIRE MANUFACTURERS KNOW MORE THAN THEY'RE LETTING ON?

According to the most reliable reports filtering into the motor capital from Akron, probably not.

VOLKSWAGEN MAY MOVE TO DETROIT.

At least, so goes the story making the rounds in the motor capital. Probable reason: VW plans to scrap its beetle design after almost 20 years in favor of an updated version replete with massive chrome, high tail fins and power extras, all set on a frame approximately four feet longer than that of the current model. With American motorists shaping up as the only potential buyers in the world, VW brass may well close down the German plant completely and move all operations to the U.S.A.

A CHEVIAC BY G.M. FOR 1967?

General Motors officials reportedly have found a small hole in their present price line which may be filled in '67 with the introduction of a new car to plug the gap between the Chevrolet Impala (top price $2,980.50) and the standard Pontiac (base price $2,983.75) With Corvair, Chevelle and Chevy II already overlapping nicely to the complete bewilderment of the public, the new line, tentatively labelled the Cheviac, appears a natural for the shopping motorist with $2,982.12½ to spend.

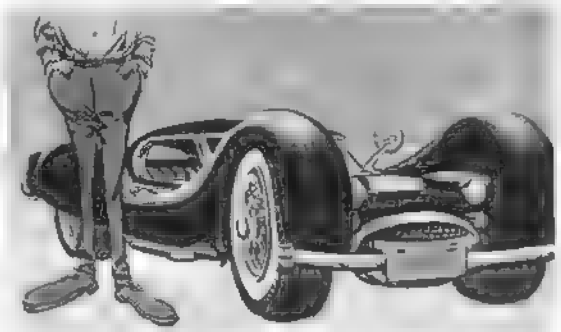
SWaP 'N' SWiNDLe

ADVERTISING RATES: 90¢ per line, except that 1 line in 3 issues is 50% more than 3 lines in 1 issue. However, there is a 10% discount for 3 lines in 3 issues, based on the triple insertion cost of 3 lines in 1 issue, and a 10% surcharge for 1 line in 1 issue, whichever occurs first. We are not responsible for the honesty of any ad, or for anyone understanding our advertising rates.

FOR SALE

'27 WILLS ST. CLAIRE 3-dr. ambulance. Only one of its kind ever built due to failure of small engine to propel oversized body. Parts impossible to buy, but makes wonderful sleep-out shelter for the kiddies. Terrible condition, but easily restored by any one crazy enough to want it. $800. L. L. Schlepp, 484 Rolling Meadow Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'65 ROCCO-BAMBINI Super Sport Fastback. Never driven by present owner. In fact, physical proportions of previous owner are inconceivable. Speedometer reads 500 miles, all clocked under



careful supervision at Indianapolis Speedway. Original cost $22,000. Sacrifice for $21,995. Leadfoot Lindstrom, Box 7, Bonneville, Utah.

1837 FRONTIER LANDAU CONVERTIBLE. Believed to be the oldest classic auto in existence. Complete, except for the two horses apparently used by the original owner to pull it. Ideal for display use or helping other classic car owners form a circle in case of an Indian attack. $1,975. Rufe Strettlemayer c/o Bunt Farm, P.O. 47, Upper Gulch, Wyo.

WANTED

LEFT HEADLIGHT for '31 Hudson. No owners of right headlight need apply. Please do not send me any more right ones as this type can only be fitted into left bracket by reverse placement causing beam to shine toward rear of car. I am sick and tired of receiving right headlights, many arriving with postage due. I already have a right headlight, and as a taxpaying American, resent this indifference of the general public toward my previous ads. Disgusted, Box 779, West Covina, Calif.

BATTERY CHARGER suitable for use with either Model 550 Detroit Electric Phaeton, or Model 3-D Eveready Flashlight. Newby, 217 Warren Hull Memorial Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

WILL SWAP

CLASSIC '41 CHEVY—4 Dr. Sedan. Faded maroon, loose connecting rods, shot transmission and many other extras. Will trade this dandy collectors item for any common '63 or '64 convertible. Lucas Fribble, State Unemployment Office, Waiting Line 6, Chicago, Ill.

LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP IN DANCE STUDIO. Original cost $17,000. Will trade for any kind of car. I gotta get away from these crooks. L. M. Schlemiel, Cha-Cha Drive, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

RARE BACK NUMBERS OF EARLY AUTO MAGAZINES, recently found in my waiting room under later issues of Colliers. Will swap for X-Ray Outfit or impressively-framed Medical School Diploma. Dr. Nimbie Kwaque, Suite 557, Peddlers of Mercy Building, Dayton, Ohio.

THREE YEARS WORK RESTORING AN APPERSON JACK RABBIT

by Waldo Boomschlager

I GUESS I'LL NEVER FORGET Aug. 23, 1955. That was the date I stumbled across my big find, a 1916 Apperson Jack Rabbit in restorable condition sitting quietly in a barn lot near Neenah, Wis.

Evelyn, whom I had planned at the time to marry but later didn't, was with me as we made our way unsuspectingly down the back country road. We were really in search of milk glass, which Evelyn collects and which still abounds in that part of the country.

Evelyn already had 700 pieces of the beautiful glass, most of which she had inherited from her late aunt who had resided in Elkhart, Ind. The aunt, whose name, as I recall, was either Birdie Wingate or Esther Agnew, had never married, but rather had devoted her life to the milk glass collection.

Miss Wingate (or Miss Agnew) had been engaged at one time to a Cpl. Wilfred Hungerford who lived just outside of Elkhart on one of the major inter-urban lines. But Cpl. Hungerford became a mail handler on the old South Bend, Toledo and Spokane Railroad and ultimately married a girl half his age.

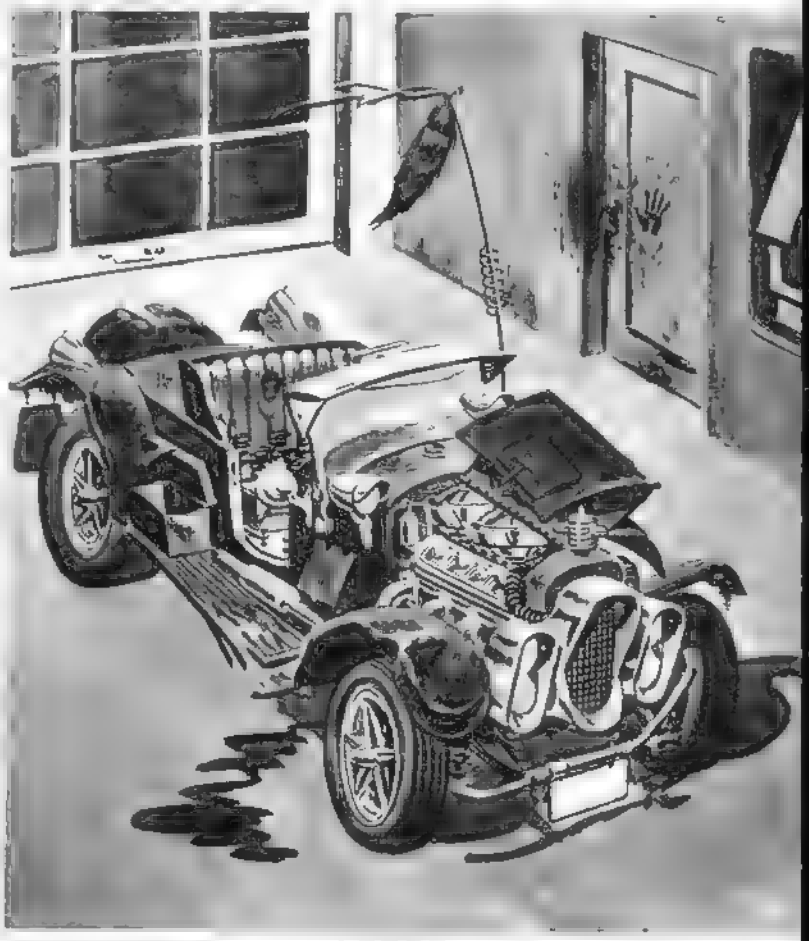
In time, the South Bend, Toledo and Spokane merged with the Pere Marquette to become the Southern Pacific in one of the more bold strokes of finance put over by Jay Hannah.

Hannah's original plan had merely been to extend the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio to Honolulu. But before the track laying had progressed more than 200 miles west of San Francisco, the entire venture was abandoned as impractical.

Hannah's decision to give up the Honolulu branch was thought to be directly responsible for the suicide of Romney L. Gruber, who had been selected to head that division. Gruber mentioned only poor health in the note he left, and it is true that he had been suffering from hemorrhoids since shortly after the Spanish-American war. But those who knew

(cont. on page 97)

BEFORE



AFTER

"CLASSIC SALON"

EDSEL

A NIGHTMARE RE-LIVED

STORY AND PHOTOS BY CHARLES L. SWINDLEMIRE

NOT HARDLY WHATSOEVER did I realize that I was becoming a vintage, classic automobile collector when I hung a $175 price tag on the '58 bilious blue clunk you sees pictures of on this here page. Depending on a fast turnover the way I got to if I'm going to make a buck on the kind of scrap iron I handle, I confinemented my early restoration work to putting enough sawdust in the crankcase to quiet down the motor so's the salesmen wouldn't be drownded out complete while they was giving their pitch.

Needlessly to say, I figured the rad., htr., w.s.w. and aut. trans. would nail us a pigeon before I had the misfortunate experience of getting too attached to this fat-headed example of Detroit know-how. Whatsoever, my perfunctional feelings about the heap was destined to underwent a change as the Fall of 1963 drifted like usual into Winter. Despite the factor that by which time I had reductioned the price to $99 and figured to add on the balance of the $175 as carrying charges, my efforts met with growing public heedlessment.

On either hand, presumptuously hot sales prospects who turned out to be smarter than I thought, filled my noggin with a fund of lore about the Edsel, none of which I had previously knew before. I come to find out that the car, originally designed to meet a demand of which there wasn't any, had surpassed the exceptions of all in such performance cataclisms as guzzling gas, putting up wind resistance which resulted in a funny whistling noise and being too big to fit in most garages. After cutting the price to where the heap eventual became a free door prize nobody would take, it come to dawn inside my head that I had unwittlessly got to be an Edsel collector.

I learnt to my surprise that I was not the only dealer in town what had got interested on the subject in such a way, and together with others who was situated similarly like I was, we formed the first chapter of E.O.A. (Edsel Owners Anonymous). Today, we can boast of having saved innumerous dealers from knocking theirselves off by arranging for our members to rush over and get drunk with them whenever they think of the dough they got tied up in Edsels.

Truly a example of automobile history we should forget,

(cont. on page 97)

DOUBLE-TALK DEPT.

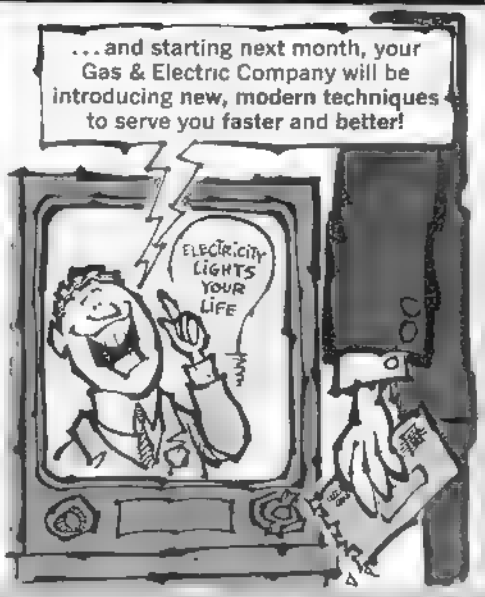
Politicians, celebrities, teachers, parents, businessmen . . . they're all making important statements these days. The trouble is, they usually say one thing, and mean another. And there's nobody around to translate for you ordinary clods! Except maybe us, the fearless men of MAD! (Who's around to translate the statements WE make that say one thing and mean something else is another problem!) Anyway, all this brings us to this next article, which offers examples to help you differentiate between—

WHAT THEY SAY ... AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

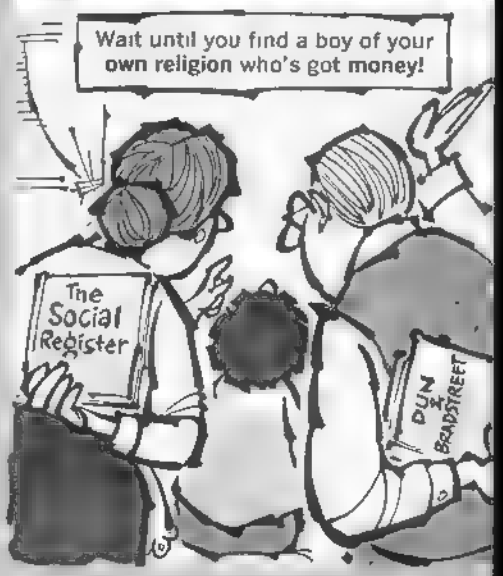
WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...

WHEN THEY SAY...

IT REALLY MEANS...



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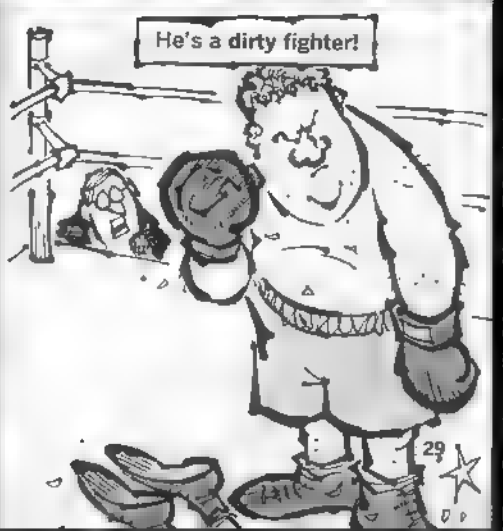

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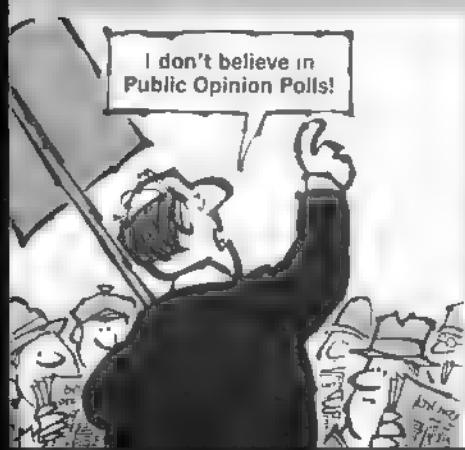

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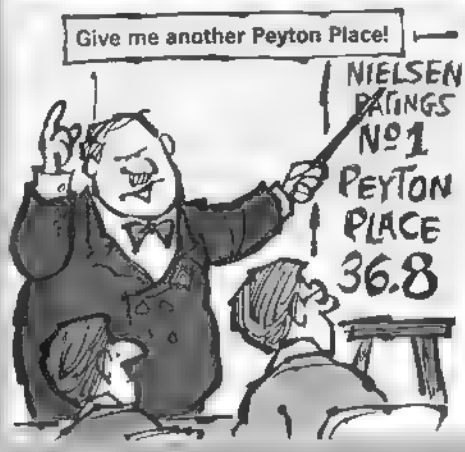

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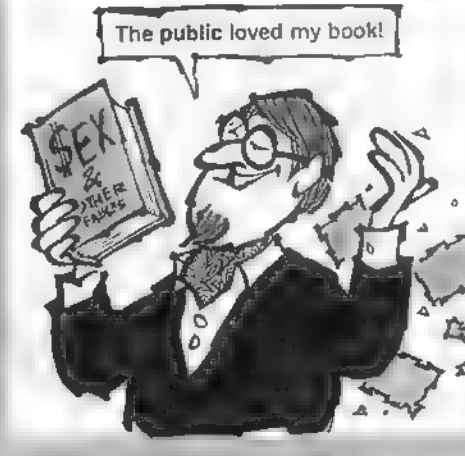
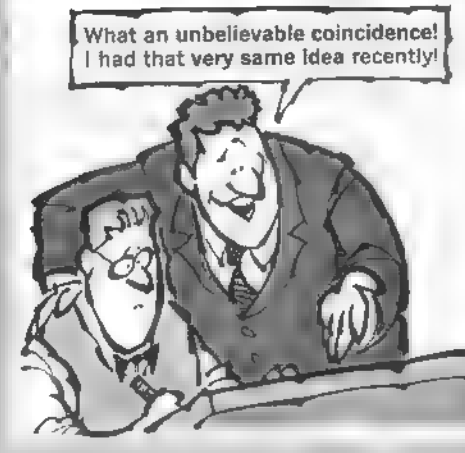
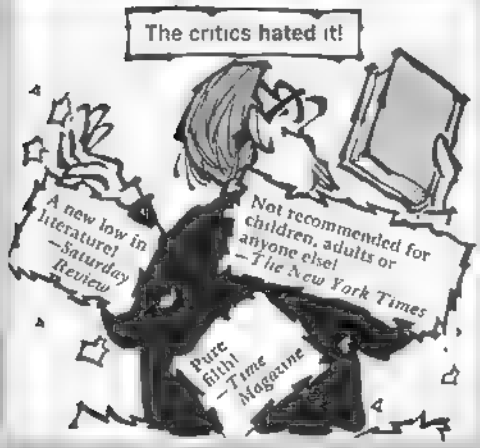
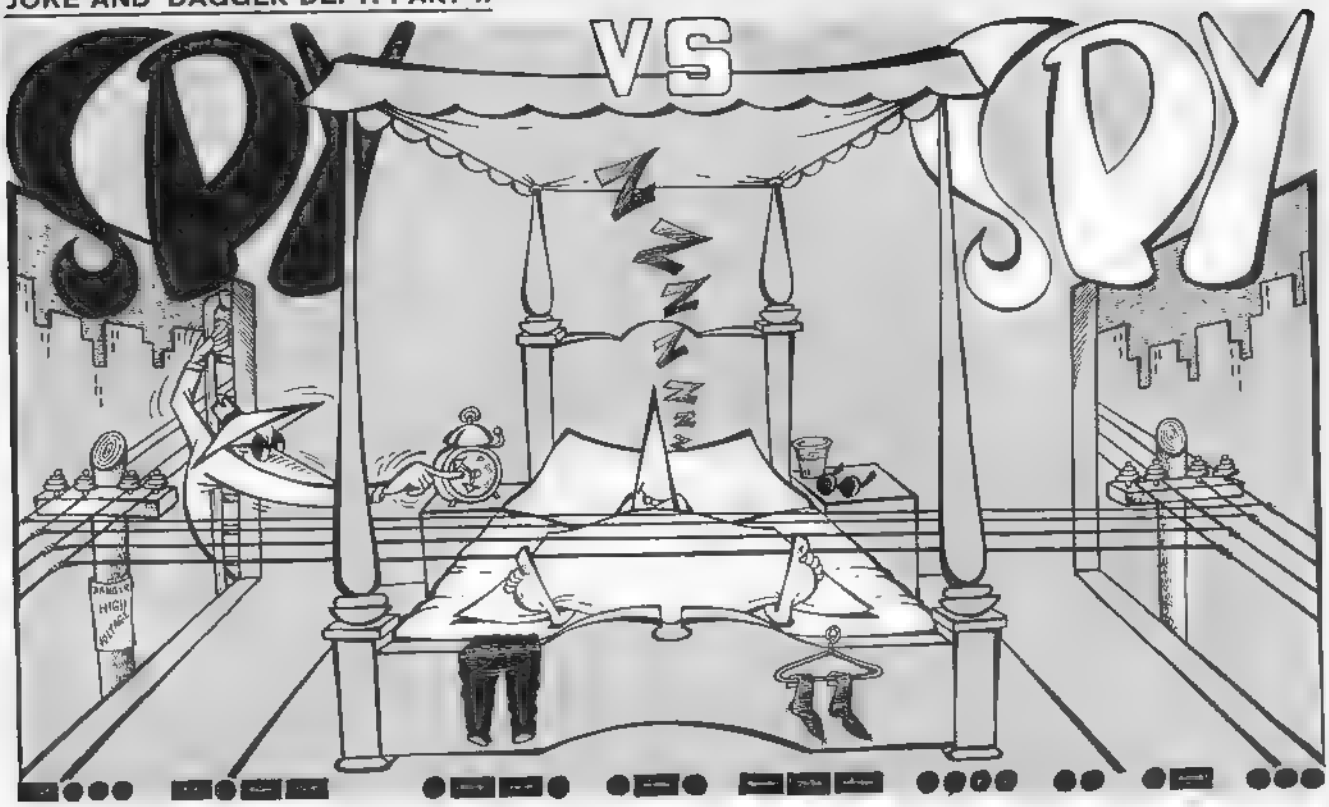


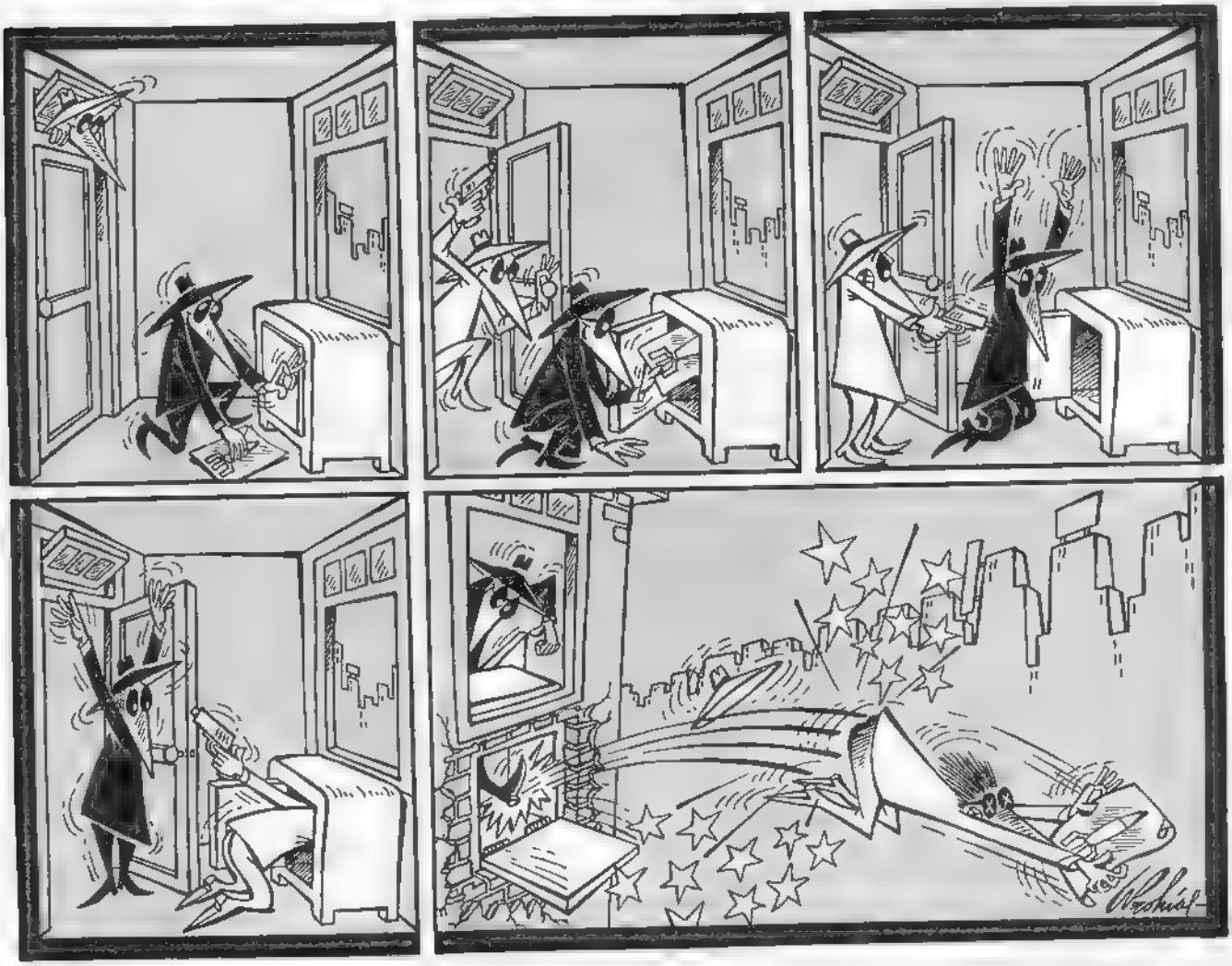


IT REALLY MEANS...	WHEN THEY SAY...	IT REALLY MEANS...



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II





SQUADS RIGHT DEPT.

Recently, bleeding-heart liberal newspapers kicked up quite a fuss when it was learned that, in several cities throughout the United States, some members of the local Police Force are also members of the super-patriotic "John Birch Society". And so, in order to clear the air and assure everyone concerned that a Law Enforcement Officer, dedicated to "The Birch Society" can also do his job and protect members of "The Great Society"

MAD INTERVIEWS A "JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY" POLICEMAN

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

Butte, Montana! And the name is **Ross!** You seem to place a rather undue emphasis on a man's **background!**

That's not true, Mr.—uh—Ross! To me, a person is a person! And that goes double for anybody of an inferior race or creed! Remember . . . in the last Presidential election, I **VOTED** for a guy who was **half-Jewish!!**

Excuse me while I stop the car at this telephone pole, Rossenkrantz!

Oh—are you going to phone into headquarters?

No, I'm gonna put up this **"Impeach Earl Warren"** sign!

Officer Wright, there are a lot of people who feel a Policeman should not engage in political activity while he's on the job!

Yeah—and I couldn't agree with them **more!**

Well, how can you say that when you recently attacked members of a CORE demonstration with your nightstick?

Oh, that was when I was **off-duty!** A guy can do what he **wants** when he's off-duty, can't he?

SUPPORT THE U.N.

LET US REASON

All right . . . break it up! **Break it up . . .**

THE U.N. IS THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE TO WAR

I don't understand! What were they doing wrong?

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's **violence** in the streets—especially from **"Pinkos"!**

Er—how do you **know** they're **"Pinkos"?**

That's my "Birch Society" training, Mr. Rossiwicz! After a while, you get so you can **smell** those types out with your eyes closed!

HELP! POLICE HELP!

Officer Wright! That old woman was screaming for help, and you drove right by! Isn't it your duty to arrest those hoodlums? I thought you were against violence in the streets!

Don't jump to conclusions, there—Rossenescu! There's a world of difference between violence in the streets and a few wholesome American kids lettin' off a little steam! Especially when it's against some old bag passing out subversive pamphlets in favor of fluoridation!

And what about that car with the "Goldwater For President" sticker there—

He's passing a red light! Aren't you going to give him a ticket?

Awww—sometimes you gotta temper justice with mercy, Mr.—uh—Rossevitch! A man's entitled to make a mistake!

We've been crouching here for 20 minutes! What's going on, anyway?

This is what we call a "stake-out"! That's what we do when we have a dangerous guy under surveillance! In this case, it's a rat-fink who's making things rough for the few guys on the Force who are real patriots!

Oh . . .? And who is this dangerous guy?

The Chief of Police! But he'll be taken care of—just as soon as the rest of the guys show up. Oh, here they come now—right on time! Hi, gang!!

This is terrible! Just what are you trying to do?

Oh, we're just harassing The Chief! You know—dumping coal on his lawn, calling stores and ordering things in his name, listing his house "For Sale" with real estate brokers, and generally smearing his good name so he'll be forced to quit his job!

But isn't this a rather extreme way of expressing your dissatisfaction with The Chief!?

Shows how much you know! We're the "Moderates"! The "EXTREMISTS" want to SHOOT him!!

FOR SALE

I see . . . and I'm also beginning to understand the charges of Police Brutality pending against you!

Well, don't believe it! That's nuthin' but a pack of lies started by some criminal jay-walker from one of them hyphenated minority groups! Incidentally, what'd you say your mother's maiden name was, Rossinsky?

The house with the coal on the lawn, fellers!

Forget my mother's maiden name! What about this criminal jay-walker's charges against you? What really happened?

All I did was follow accepted Police Procedure! When I spotted this crumb jay-walking, I yelled, "Halt!" and fired three warning shots—into his legs! To hear those bleeding hearts tell it, you'd think I killed him!

Car 21—Signal One-Seven Car 21—Signal One-Seven!

Okay, Duke! See you at the meeting later!

What's a "Signal One-Seven," Officer Wright?

Nuthin' important! Just some Moderate Republican assaulting a Humphrey Democrat in an integrated neighborhood! But I'm not gettin' involved in that! Those people take care of their own! Besides, I can't afford to be late for the Birch meeting! A good Policeman is always punctual, right, Rosenberg?

$50 FINE FOR UTTERING

KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN

Well, I gotta be gettin' backstage! I'm part of the entertainment tonight! But you'll be okay in here! They're not our kind of people!

Butte, Montana, eh?

What's a decent guy from the West doing on THAT magazine? See ya later, Roosevelt!

The John Birch Society

MEETING TONIGHT 7.00 P.M.

Tonight's Topic: "BETTER POLICEMEN for a BETTER POLICE STATE"

and when the Police—and by that, *ha-ha,* I mean OUR Police, take their rightful place in Society, then we'll quickly attain that noble vision of America as outlined by Mr. Robert Welch in his immortal "Blue Book"!

And what better words could describe the American dream—and by that, I mean OUR American dream, than the words inscribed on the Statue of Liberty and slightly revised in this version sung by our John Birch Society Glee Club led by that great Policeman and great Bircher and soon-to-be our great new Police Chief . . . Jim Wright!

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send those, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me . .

And I'll . . .
Send 'em right back!
I'll send 'em right back!
I'll send 'em right back!
to you—ooo-ooo!

You wretched refuse

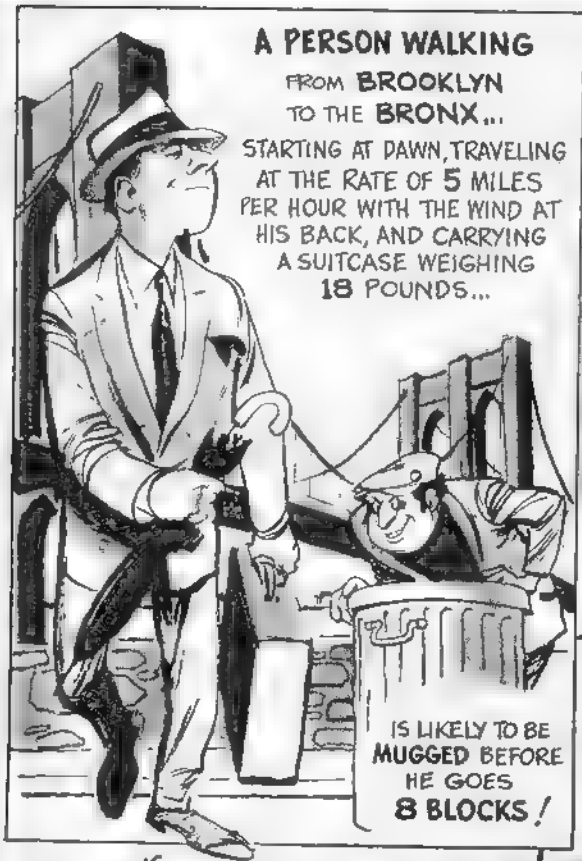
You foreign garbage!

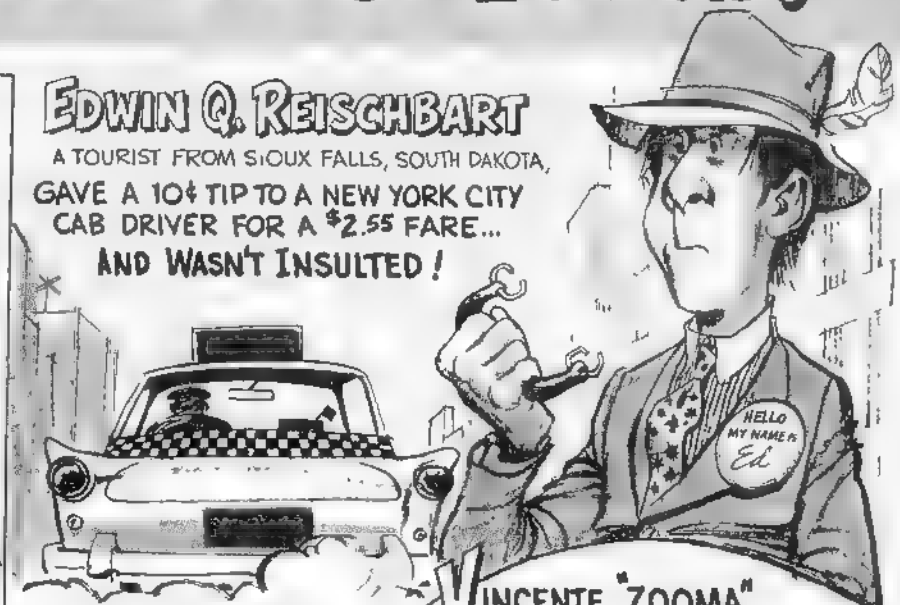
You dirty Commies!

Yes, we'll . . .
Send 'em right back to you—ooo-ooo!

BEHIND THE ODD-BALL DEPT.

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!





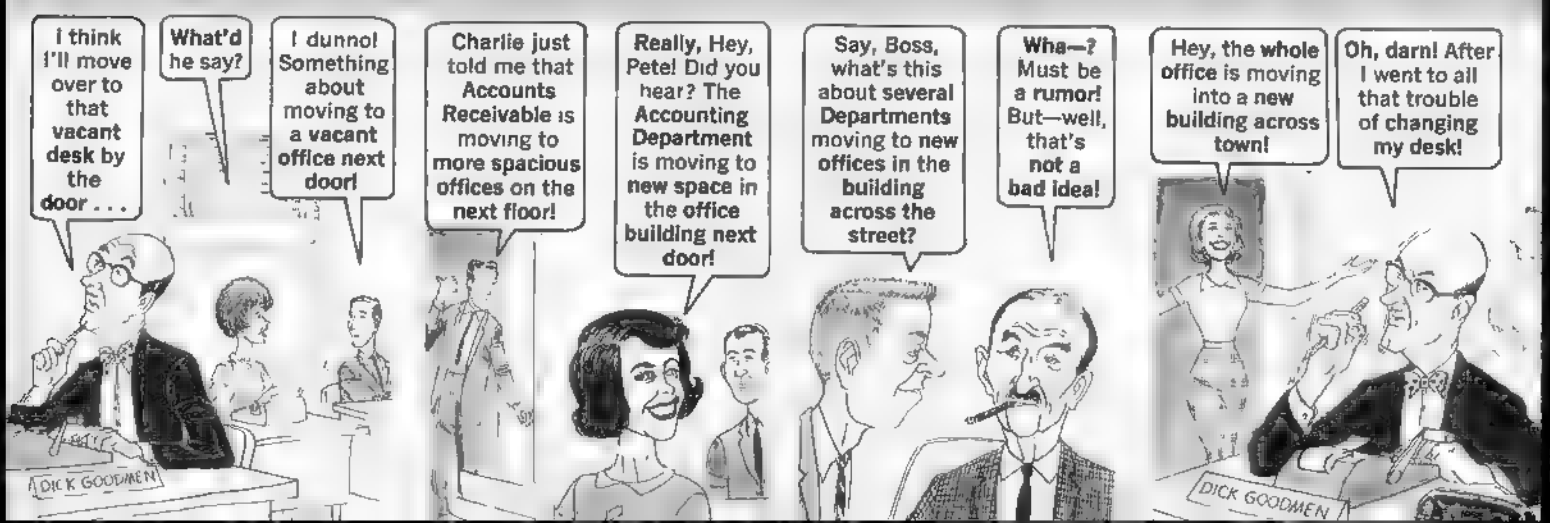
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

In our last issue, Dave Berg took a look at "The Lighter Side of The Boss"! However, after *our* Boss took a look at the article, Dave cooled him off with this follow-up . . .

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

EMPLOYEES

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Hello, Alice? This is Amy! What a night I had last night! I went out with Bill, and after dinner, he . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! I'll connect you!

Alice? So he says to me, "I want you to meet my Mother tonight" . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Mr. Gumpky? Just a moment! I'll connect you!

Alice? So—thinking everything was on the up-and-up, I went to his place! But when we got there . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Just one moment! I'll connect you!

Alice? Well, there was no Mother there! It was a Bachelor Apartment . . . Hold on!

Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Mr. Zupp? Just a moment! I'll connect you!

Alice? So—the minute the door closed behind me, he starts looking at me like I was Gina Lolapalooza . . . Hold on . . .

That's what I love about Lunch Hour! We grab a quick bite . . .

LUNCHEO

. . . and then we stand around in front of the building for the rest of the hour . . . and watch the girls go by!

Heck! It's one o'clock! Time to get back to work!

Yeah, darn it!

SHOW ROOM

MODELS DRESSING ROOM

Son, I want to call a conference of all the Junior Executives! I've got an idea I want to run up the flagpole and see if anybody salutes it!

Of course, they'll salute it, Dad! They're just a bunch of spineless "Yes-men"!

Well I've got an opening for a Department Head, and you know how I feel about independent thinking!

Boy, am I lucky I overheard that! If it's independent thinking he wants, I'll give him some independent thinking!

Well, gentlemen . . . that's the plan! What do you think of it!?

Great J.B.!

Love it, J.B.!

Genius, J.B.!

Inspired, J.B.!

I said I'd like to order 50 gross of—

Huh? Y-yes, sir—

Who's up? What'd he say the count was?

SHIPPING AND RECEIVING DEPT

[TIM SMITH]

Are you listening to me?

Heh? Yes, sir— You want to order 15 gross of . . .

What was that? a home run . . .

The game's over! The Mets won— 4 to 0!

YAHOO!

No, I said 50 gross— Hey, what's going on! Hello? Hello? Oh, forget it! CLICK!

What are you cheering about? You just lost a thousand dollar order!

Yeah, but I won $2.00 on the office Baseball Pool!

Kaputnik Enterprises! I'll connect you!

So I says, "I'll have you know I'm not that kind of girl!" But that don't stop him! He grabs me, and . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! I'll connect you!

AMY! FOR PETE'S SAKE, SHUT DOWN THE SWITCHBOARD! I DON'T WANT ANY INCOMING CALLS FOR THE THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES!!

Yes, Mr. Kaputnik!

Now, maybe we can hear how this comes out without any more interruptions!

Alice? So—anyway—he grabs me and . . .

I've got this Boss, see! He's a nice guy and all that! I've got nothing against him! But he should drop dead! Le'me tell you what happened today! Blah—blah—blah—blah—blah!

And I work with this swell bunch of guys! But one's a bigger nut than the other! Like today—blah—blah—blah!

Our firm is expanding fast! And this means more work and responsibility for me! Just today—blah—blah—blah—blah!

Hello, Vicky! I didn't notice—is your husband here tonight?

He's here, all right, but he hasn't left the office yet!

Frankly, J.B., I don't like it.

Very interesting, Bosworth! I'd like to see you in my office after the conference!

Well, Bosworth, ol'boy! You've got it made! Now that you're going to be a Department Head, you can get that new jaguar!

Come in!

J. BOTTLENECK
PRESIDENT

Bosworth, you'll find a little something extra in your pay envelope this week . . . mainly a little notice of dismissal! You're just not a "Team-Man"! We have no room around here for independent thinkers!

Hey, I just overheard the Boss saying that business is off, and he's gonna have to get rid of some of the deadwood around here!

He wouldn't fire me! I'm too valuable! He needs me on the Company Bowling Team!

He wouldn't fire me! I'm too valuable! Nobody makes coffee like I make coffee for the Coffee Breaks!

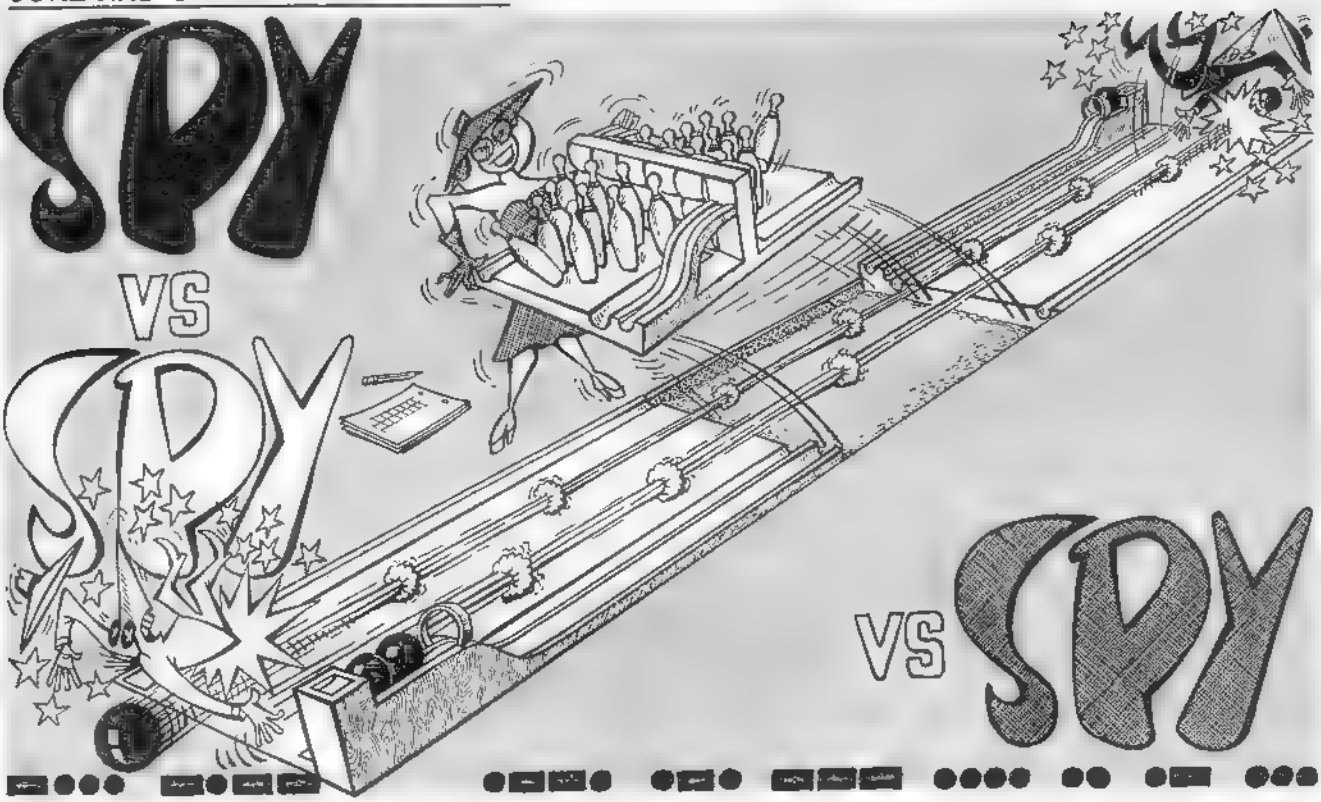
He wouldn't fire me! I'm too valuable! I get him discounts on all the things he buys . . . through my Brother-In-Law!

He wouldn't fire me! I'm too valuable! I'm the only one who can keep the Petty Cash box straight!

I guess it's me, then! I've got nothing going for me except a good Production Record!

LARRY THORNBOLT

PHYLLIS MILLION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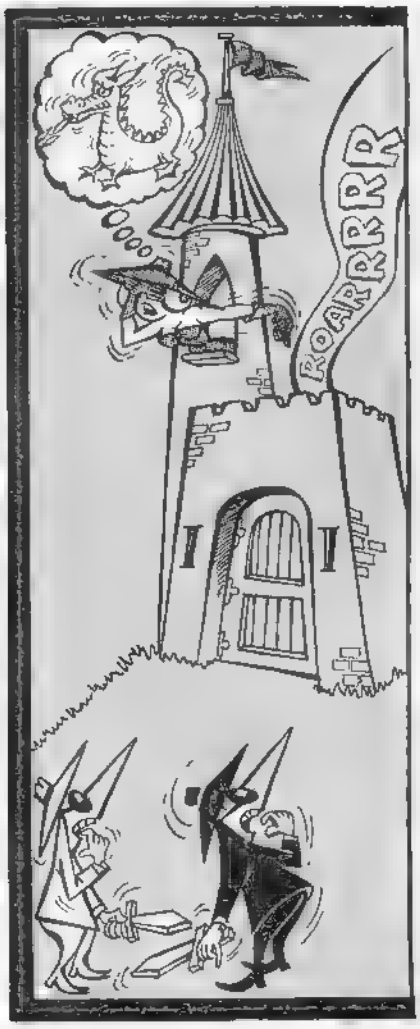
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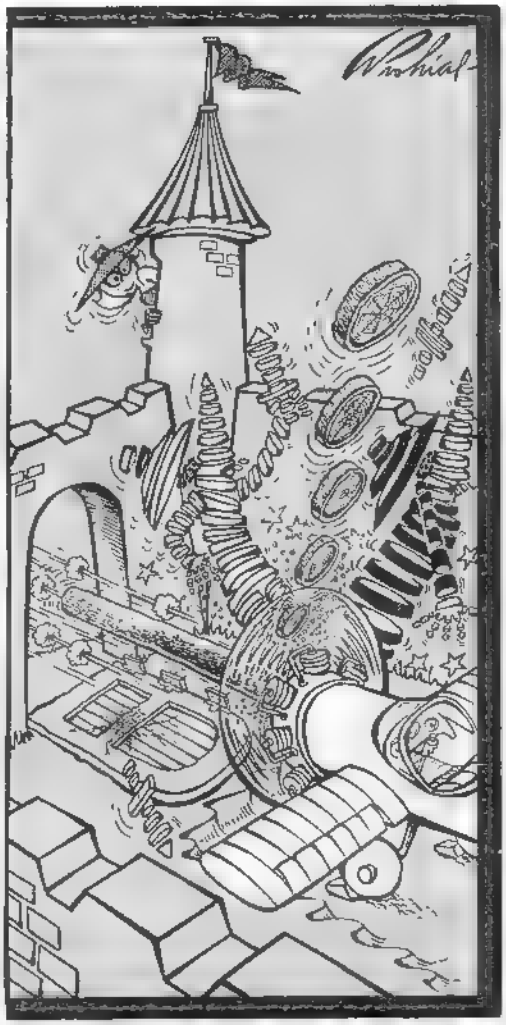
ROARRRR



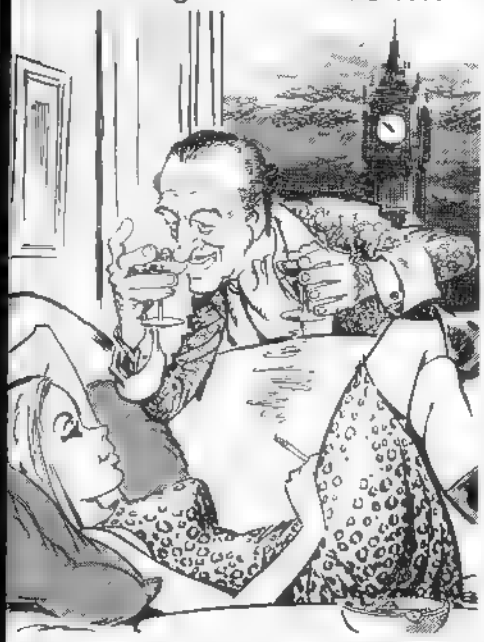
AGE BEFORE BOOTY DEPT.

Whatever happened to the sleazy, slimy, ugly old crooks we used to know and love? Remember back in the good old days—when bad guys *looked* like bad guys, and good guys *looked* like good guys? Well, today all that has changed. F'rinstance, every week on TV, there's a group of cultured, refined and articulate gentlemen who travel from continent to continent—robbing from the rich without ever getting caught. We mean, of course, those well-dressed, well-mannered, well-heeled, roguish thieves who are known as . . .

THE ROOKS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

Ask the girls of London . . .



Ask the girls of Paris . . .

Ask the girls of New York . . .

Ask any of them what they think of the "The Rooks" . . . and they'll tell you . . .

And what do these dirty old men do for a living? They've banded together to form an International Team specializing in "The Confidence Game"! And why have they done this? Because they're *too old* to find any kind of *honest work!* Let's look in on their latest caper . . .

"THE FILLY AND THE FINK PHILATELIST"

Mon Dieu, this ees one of the mos' danjerous jobs we 'ave evere pulled! None of us may survive!

You don't mean . . .

Yes — we weel all 'ave to walk UPHILL!

Ah, Tommy! I am glad you are 'ere! We 'ave anothere job! 'Ere is what you weel 'ave to do!

How come you three are the "Stars" . . . but I do all the work?!

By the way, St. Care — that's a great disguise!

Disguise?! But I do not understand what you mean!

Oh, you can't fool me! You're disguised as a middle-aged man! It makes you look 25 years less than you REALLY are!

Did I hear you were planning another job? Tell me about it!

Oh, Moms! I'm so glad you are here! You're so important to this operation!

Yes—with her in this series, it makes us all look young!!

This ees multi-millionaire, Orville Cess! He ees a perfect target! He ees cruel and unpleasant, with no class . . . and most important, he 'as a beautiful young niece!

Perfect! Don't you agree, Toby?

Sorry, chaps— I wasn't listening! I was too busy practising my adorable crooked smile!

Cess ees a fanatic stamp collector who owns the rare $100,000 "James Knox Polk Postage Due" stamp with the "Mail Early" cancellation. His main purpose in life ees to get the other Polk stamp with the "Pray For Peace" cancellation. That one ees worth $250,000!

And Muscel has gotten word to Cess that he knows where it is! Then he will arrange with Mr. Cess to steal it! And guess who he will steal it from? You, Sincere . . .

Yes, but why is everybody talking so fast?

We like to get the plot out of the way quickly in these shows! Then it doesn't interfere with the dull action!

Hmmm . . . I'm to pose as a Stamp Collector! That makes sense! Besides, I knew James Knox Polk personally!

Goodbye! Remember, boys—no violence!

You mean we're so sophisticated we must be concerned with our "images"?

No, you must be concerned with your hearts! You can't take too much excitement!

Tell me something, St. Care, old boy! Each week, we rob people of hundreds of thousands of dollars! Yet, we never seem to have any money! How come?

It ees a mattere of Morality, Tommy! We always geev the money away to the pretty niece! Natureiment, thees makes the stealing all right! No?

Of course! How silly of me! But where do you get money to live on?

Simple! I am associated weeth anothere group of men my age who 'ave jobs during the week!

Doing what?

Singing weeth Mitch Miller's chorus!

Now remembere—Cess ees a ruthless man! Thees job weel call for some of the greatest overacting we 'ave evere done!

Righto! I say! Egad! Capital!

Tommy, when you talk like that, you make me glad to be a Frenchman!

WAK!

Ahh, M'sieur Cess—'ere ees the greatest stamp authority in the world! He 'as just examined the James Knox Polk stamp owned by M'sieur Sincere, and he 'as seen the priceless error for himself!

That's right, Mr. Cess! I guarantee it is authentic! The print on the stamp says "James POLK KNOX!"

Yeah? So where's the error?

The picture is actually of another President—Chester Arthur Alan!

I gotta have that stamp! I'll do anything to get it!

Why this fanatic passion for stamps, Mr. Cess?

Because when I was a kid, my father never had time for me!

What's that got to do with anything?

I dunno! But I've heard it used on TV as an excuse for kidnapping, murder, dope addiction and alcoholism, so I figured we could use it one more time!

So if you weel give us your $100,000 stamp, we weel switch it with Mr. Sincere's $250,000 stamp!

Great! Wait right here! I'll get it!

Then we'll run off with the $100,000 stamp and teach this nasty millionaire a lesson . . . namely that crime does so pay!

Frankly, you puzzle me, Mr. Sincere! You sit there in your Harris Tweed jacket, white flannel trousers, dress shirt and ascot . . . and you seem so unconcerned!

Why should that puzzle you, Miss Cess?

Because it's 110 degrees in the shade! Why don't you get into a bathing suit?

Actually, I can't stand swimming pools! The sight of an old person walking around exposing his flabby wrinkles disgusts me!

Then just don't look at other people!

Who's talking about other people! I mean ME!

You're marvelous! You're so different! Other men have to move their lips when they talk! What do you do for a living?

I've never had time for a steady job! I've been too busy flying from place to place being fabulous!

By the way, don't you want to get up?

I'd like to, but as an English aristocrat, I learned to keep a stiff upper lip . . . and somehow, it spread!

But tell me about yourself!

My uncle, the rich millionaire, keeps me with him day and night! All he wants me to do is work on his lousy stamp collection!

The beast! What sadistic joy he must derive from asserting such domination over another human being!

It's not that! He just hates the taste of the glue on those stamp hinges!

He's broken up my last five romances!!

And he's never let you get married?

No, that was while I was married!

Ahh, Muscel! I want you to meet Orville Cess's poor unhappy niece, Zelda!

'Ere! Take thees stamp! Eet belongs to your Oncle, and eet is worth $100,000! Use eet to buy your freedom!

But I love Mr. Sincere! I don't want to lose him!

My poor, foolish child! What we have cannot last! It is but a thing of the moment! We have so little in common, and you have your whole life ahead of you—a future that glows with hope and promise! My dear, you'll get over it—

I got over it before you finished the second sentence! Whew—what a BORE!

Ah-ha! I've found youse! You didn't get away with it! I suspected something when you said the picture on the stamp was Chester Arthur Alan! You should have known the portrait was actually Franklin Roosevelt Delano!

Officer—arrest these men!

All right, all of you! Come with me to the Police Station! I have a get-away . . . er . . . I mean a Patrol Car waiting! I'll take the stamp as evidence, Mr. Cess! You can come in and claim it later!

I will—but first I'll have to gloat for ten minutes!

Ho-ho! We really did it, Old Man!

Enough with the "Old Man" jokes already! If I hear one more, I'm going to hit somebody with my cane!

All's well that ends well, eh? The niece has $100,000 and a new life!

Idiots! You gave the money away again!

Fools! Stupid fools!

I am sorry to see your Mothere so upset!

My mother! I thought she was YOUR mother!

Why are you so upset about the Rooks giving away the money, Moms?

How do you think I get money? I steal it from them!

Well, I'll be darned! Why, you're a real ROOK yourself!

Didn't you think I was clever enough?

Frankly, I didn't think you were OLD enough!

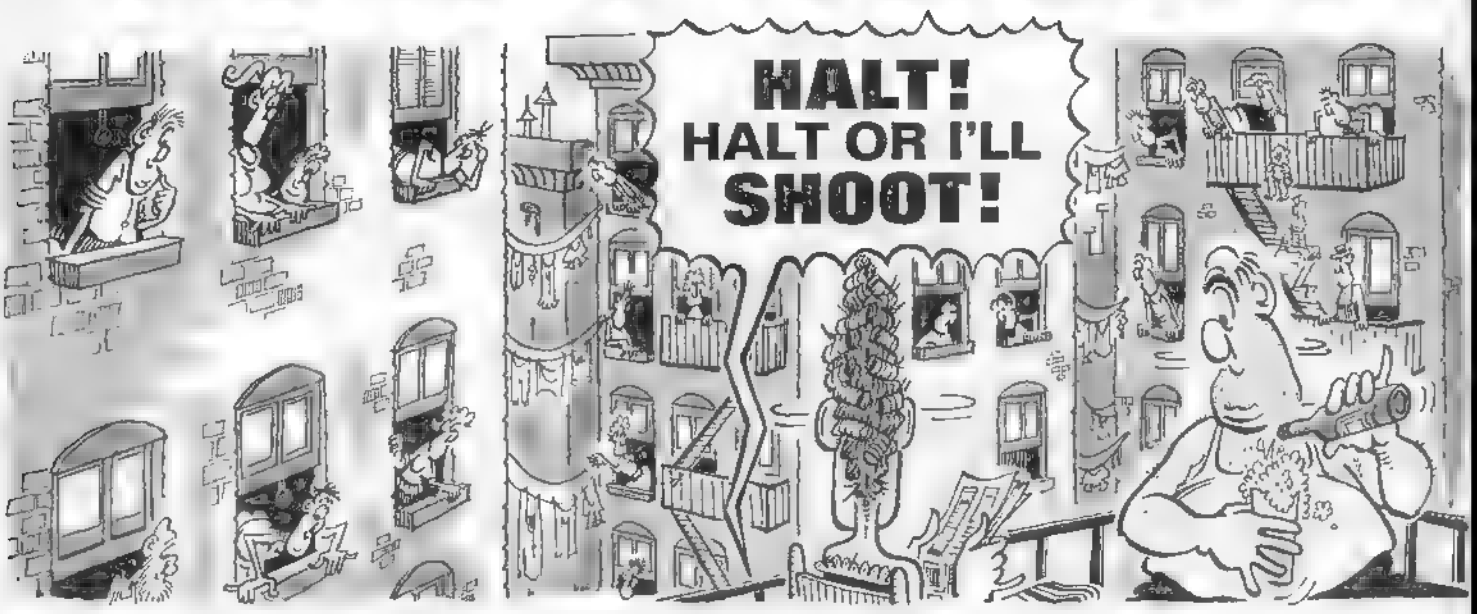
I AM NOT OLDER THAN YOU!

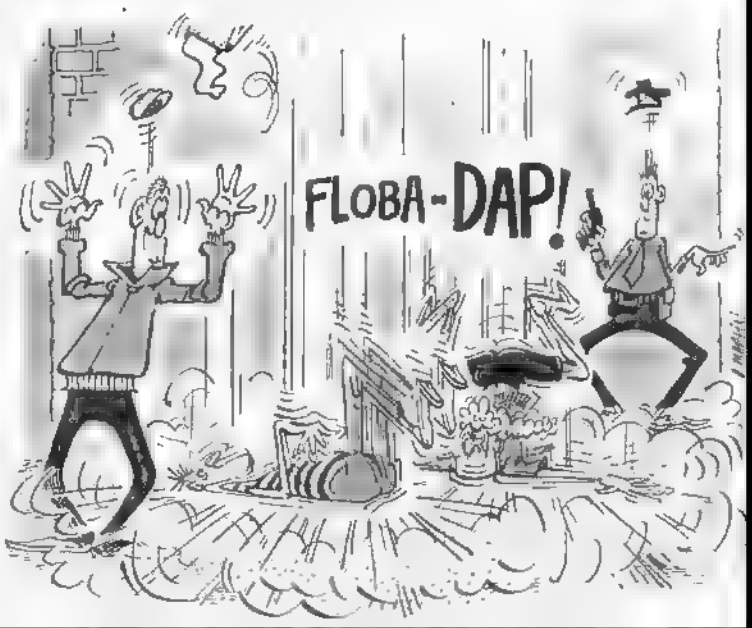
YES YOU ARE TOO!

YOU'RE BOTH OLDER... I'M YOUNG!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

IN AN ALLEY





Nothing to see here!

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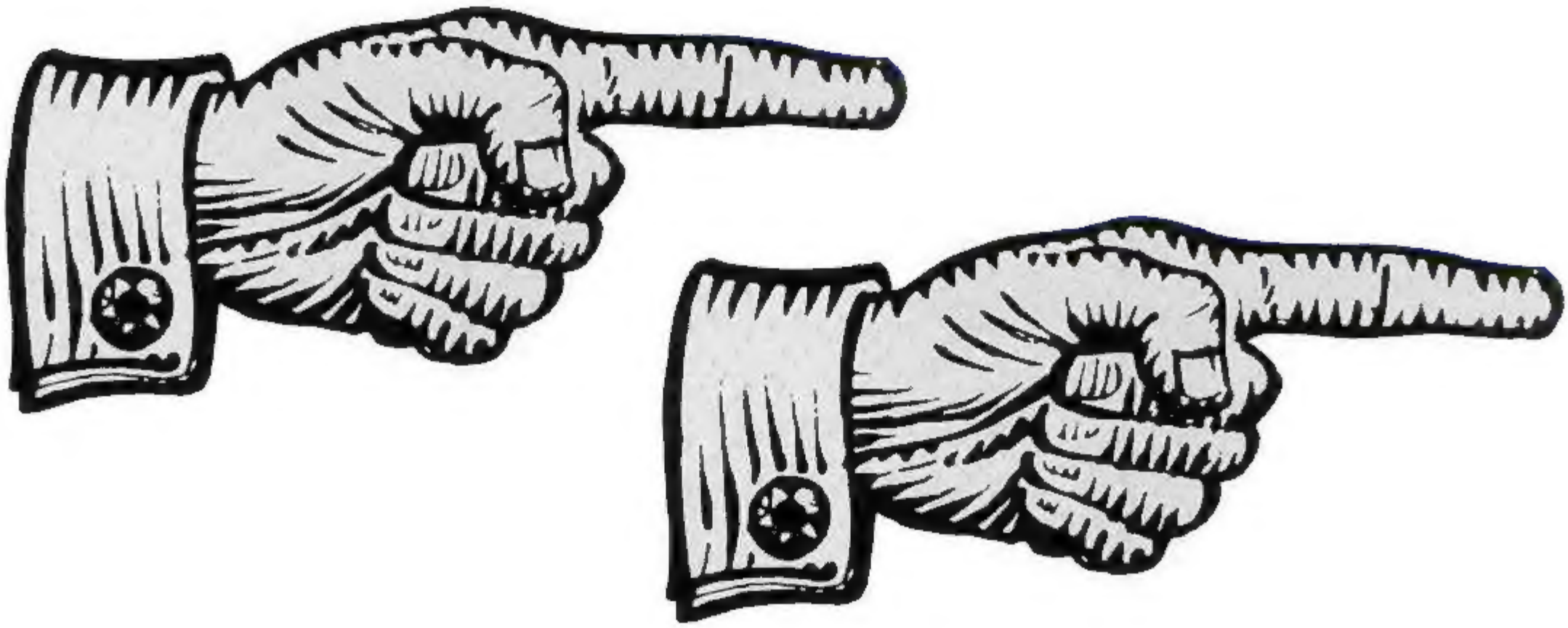
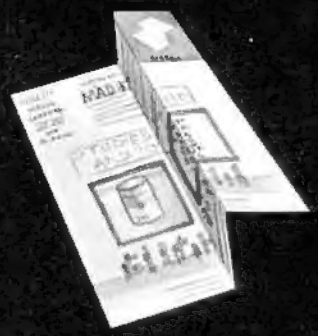


WHAT COMES AFTER POP ART AND OP ART

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Several years ago, the Art World was invaded by painters of soup cans and comic strip panels. They called this junk "Pop Art." Now, another group of idiots have come along with paintings of optical illusions. They call this junk "Op Art." So where do we go from here? Fold page in as shown and see

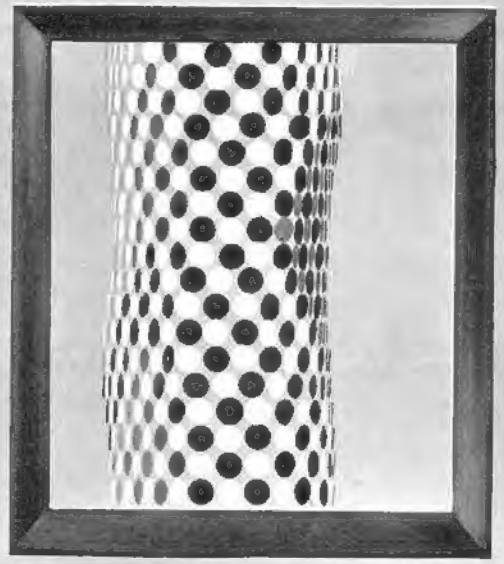


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

STUDIES IN POP ART and OP ART



EMPTY-HEADED ART DABBLERS ASSUME THAT ANYTHING IN A FRAME IS ART AS LONG AS IT HANGS IN SOME FANCY GALLERY. BIG IMPRESSIVE PRICES LEND A PHONY PRESTIGE TO EACH ART MOVEMENT

A ▶ ◀ B

WHAT COMES AFTER POP ART AND OP ART

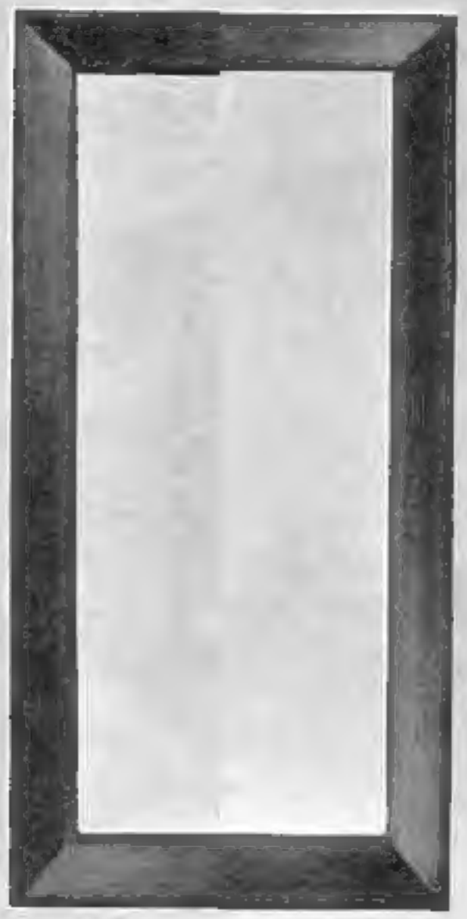
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee

A| ◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

STOP ART



EMPTY FRAME
IS BIG
IMPROVEMENT

A▶ ◀B

Photography by Irving "Sudsy" Schild

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THEY SHOT THE "TEN-FOOT-TALL WASHING MACHINE" COMMERCIAL IN AN 8-FOOT HIGH BASEMENT